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THE REACTION AGAINST FEMINISM IN GERMANY.*

I.

The name of Feminism has been given in France to a strong intellectual and moral movement, the effects of which have been felt throughout Europe, in these last years of our agitated century. But we have really no adequate idea of the intensity of some of the manifestations of Feminism in climates less temperate than ours and in an atmosphere not yet rendered so tepid and equable by an all-pervading scepticism as that which we are accustomed to breathe. On the signal given by Ibsen's *Nora*, a complete feminist campaign at once took shape in the North, and was conducted vigorously and with the most inflexible logic. One of the avowed objects of the movement, and undoubtedly one of its deepest motives, was that "economic independence" of women, which an increasingly-keen competition for the means of livelihood had rendered an absolute necessity; but the Scandinavian woman was by no means content with the privilege of earning her bread independently of her husband's toil; she also desired emancipation from the chains imposed by the tyranny of marital affection.

One remarkably clever woman, Mrs. Laura Marholm, the influence of whose

works¹ we purpose to consider at this time, had a near view of that simultaneous lifting of the bucklers. "Writing women"—these are her words—"came up like mushrooms under an autumnal rain; then sprouted a certain number of women doctors, and after them followed a cloud of teachers and telephone-workers. They all claimed the right to study, to practice law, to hold local and government office; above all—to vote. The single right about which they said nothing was the right to love. Woman became a neuter being, capable of thinking and producing; incapable, by the same token, of fulfilling her true mission. Every possible variety of sex-deterioration—every deformity which may result from the violent suppression of the natural instincts was paraded in broad daylight. Every opportunity was afforded for studying both temperaments ruined by a precocious development, and others stifled in the germ,—erotic mania and complete atrophy, the abuse of theory and the paralysis of instinct. The highways of the moral world were literally strewn with the corpses of these intrepid

¹ *Das Buch der Frauen*: Munich 1894.
Wir Frauen und unsere Dichter: Berlin 1895.
Zur Psychologie der Frau: Berlin 1897.
Karla Böhning. Drama. Munich 1896.
Zwei Frauenerlebnisse: Munich 1896.
Frau Lily: Berlin 1897.

*Translated for *The Living Age*.

champions. Three of the most impassioned and inspired of the female writers of northern Europe ended their days by suicide. Others found again, after long wandering, their road to Damascus, and embraced in the end the woman's true vocation of wifehood and motherhood." Among these last was Mme. Edgren-Leffler, who had been the standard-bearer of feminine emancipation as Björnson was its prophet, and who, in the words of Mme. Marholm, "renouncing the artifices of the past, and scorning the ambition to win hearts, in the character of an attractive woman, was resolved to conquer and convince in that of a clever woman. She condemned her sex's old-fashioned aspiration to cajole by her personal graces, and considered herself called to command consideration by what she did. Her mind had been formed in the school of Mill and Spencer."

In the opinion of Mme. Marholm, it is the sociologues and sociologists of our time, such as Mill and Bebel, who are chiefly responsible for these excesses. An indignant and sarcastic spectator of the follies of Scandinavian Feminism, and of their echo in Germany, where she now lives, she has published in the course of the last few years a series of very remarkable works, which are at once a cry of alarm at the imprudences of the present, and a warning and admonition for the future. "There are"—according to Mme. Marholm—"two works on woman's rights equally celebrated and deserving of celebrity. One is 'The Subjection of Woman,' by John Stuart Mill; the other, Bebel's 'Woman and Socialism.' Both bear witness to the profound and accurate knowledge of their authors, and to their courageous desire to do good. But what, in Heaven's name, have women to do with such treatises—and what is it that they have actually done? They began by assiduously modelling themselves upon

these writers; and, with their boundless faculty of adaptation, they undertook to develop upon their own account the principles and theories by them set forth. I have seen, visited, talked with many of them—these women with whom their 'rights' have become a *tie*, who opened wide their exquisite, confiding and, often, truly simple and childlike hearts to Stuart-Mill and Bebel. Conscientiously, and with all their might, they set about de-feminizing themselves at their orders. Unfortunately, the two distinguished and intrepid authors in question had forgotten one thing in their bold and striking argument, and that one thing was woman herself! But the woman, with her eternal susceptibility to suggestion, submits instinctively to the man, be he theorist, agitator, or mere pedant. She conforms to his wishes, and is feminine or unfeminine, as he requires. Belovèd guides and masters, we beseech you to cherish fewer illusions yourselves and to impart fewer to us! Your two famous books are excellent, instructive, progressive works! The only trouble with you is that you know nothing about women! Your writings contain a little of everything except that living spark which reveals the man to the woman, and the woman to the man. You can make women exactly what you please—Amazons or rational beings or ecstatic saints, prodigies of learning or idiots, mothers or maids; for we obey your slightest gesture, and it is the essence of our nature to follow you anywhere. But though it seems good to you to exercise authority over us, the fact of that authority is neither so fortunate nor so unfortunate a one for us, as you fondly imagine. What you regard as our happiness is not our happiness. What you consider our misfortune is not our misfortune. If man has usually oppressed woman, woman, on the other hand, has usually controlled man. . . . The recognized

legal obligations of man to woman, and of woman to man are mere palliatives for those cases in which the true fusion has not taken place. They are, moreover, futile in the end, because in this question, which is the most central of all, it is the instinct of choice which must decide. Here the code is silent because it is powerless. Men are not made of wood as John Stuart Mill seems to claim, and the ideal relation between the sexes does *not* consist in holding high-toned conversations with a woman."

These ironical passages represent fairly enough Mme. Laura Marholm's attempt to organize a reaction, and give the watch-word of her crusade against certain doctrines, the shocking extravagance of which affords a kind of excuse for the inverse exaggerations which we find in her own work.

Being herself a fiery antagonist and a pitiless critic, Mme. Marholm has, of course, excited no little animosity in her turn. Women who work in the thick of the fight have been stupefied to behold one of themselves—and a redoubtable champion, too—going over into the masculine camp, horse, foot and dragoons. "Treason!" was the cry which arose from all sides and rang round the footsteps of the deserter.

Mme. Minna Cauer, a member of the fashionable world, but also the patroness of many social movements, invoked the memory of Rahel von Varnhagen. "What would that exquisite creature have thought of the theories of a Mme. Marholm, who seems to admit the existence of but one motive in the life of a woman, and that a *sensuous* one?"

"From all the aspirations which are possible to humanity," writes another learned lady, Mme. Lily Braun, "this woman distills the carnal element, and shows us her heroines all alike absorbed in the pursuit of that order of sensations;" while yet another cham-

plion of the rights of the lower orders observes: "The stilted and affected writings of Mme. Laura Marholm aim so wide of the mark, that it is hardly possible to take her seriously, in spite of her success in the masculine world." There is some excuse for the bitterness of this last remark, for not only has masculine criticism in general been most favorable to the daring theories of Mme. Marholm, but it has even hailed her, upon occasion, as the author of a quite novel philosophy of the feminine, making only a few reservations with regard to the excesses of her ruthless polemic.

But no honest adversary of our author, whether man or woman, can deny her claim to consideration as an original and penetrating thinker, with a keen intellect and a brilliant and picturesque style.

Let us then endeavor to trace the main outlines of that mocking countenance of which the features are so essentially German, but which owes to a strain of Scandinavian blood something which is rather French in its prevailing expression—the physiognomy of a woman whose writings are more captivating to the Latin mind than any contribution to the ethical literature of Germany has been for many years.

It is well, in the first place, to insist strongly on the fact that the entire literary activity of Mme. Marholm is best summed up in the single word *reaction*. Now a reaction of any kind is sure to have certain healthful and useful qualities, for it is always born of some form of excess, and its first object is to point out abuses. Usually, however, the reaction also overshoots the mark, exaggerates in its turn, and is in danger of arresting such progress as has been made upon the opposite side. It is well, therefore, to listen with deference to the arguments of our author, but also to keep cool and not suffer our-

selves to be borne away on a stream of over-audacious conclusions. To employ a Hegelian form of speech, which does not seem out of place in the present instance, we may say that if Feminism is a thesis, the religion of instinct proclaimed by Mme. Marholm is its antithesis, and it remains for the good sense of the public to formulate the synthesis which will reconcile the contradictory excesses of the two rival doctrines.

Observe, moreover, that the traits which we are endeavoring to combine into a single silhouette are scattered almost at random about the writings of Mme. Marholm, who by no means piques herself upon her logical consistency, and follows for the most part the mere guidance of her own fancy. Let us try, however, as best we may, to collect the dispersed elements of her moral portrait, noting first the feature which first strikes the eye.

That predominant feature is a passion for psychology. Mme. Marholm loves to interrogate both souls and books, and to track and capture the secrets of the human conscience in careless conversations no less than in elaborate treatises. No type of womanhood in all our disjointed and distracted epoch has eluded her piercing eye, and after an exceedingly spirited and brilliant enumeration, embracing no end of contemporary feminine varieties, she somewhere adds, "In all these multitudes there is not a face which I do not recognize, not one apparition which appears to me strange. I have seen, examined, read them all, as no man can ever see, examine and read. I have been the recipient of such confidences as women make only to women—confidences of which the import lies far deeper than the glance of free-masonry which we give one another when we decipher that hidden writing, just as illegible to the learned as to the ignorant, in which the most refined no less

than the coarsest women naturally express their innermost sensations. Whereas men, whether stupid or intelligent, stand open-mouthed and utterly baffled before these mysterious indications. I know all these women and all the details of their history—both those which they have confessed and those which they have concealed, and those which they have attempted to show me in a false light. I know all this, because I am a woman like themselves and belong to the same epoch."

And again:

"I derive the highest pleasure from reading the modern writers, not for what they actually say, but for what they are quite unable to conceal. Their books are the history of their inner lives. . . Their inner history is written in their books. You turn a book over carelessly, you read twenty lines, but in the movement and tonality of those twenty lines you feel the beat of the pulse, and the temperature of the blood. As a nice ear can detect a single false note amid the din of the orchestra, so a keen psychological instinct can separate through the most finished poetical execution the sincere from the fictitious, can detect the passages where the author has been strongly moved and those where he has merely simulated warmth, can snatch from the actual temperament of the writer the mask assumed in vain, can decide, in fine, how much is pure metal and how much a vulgar alloy, whereby the artist dupes himself no less than he deceives his hearers."

The very tone of these remarks, the careful selection of words to fit the writer's meaning, would suffice to give the peculiar shade of Mme. Marholm's psychology and the ground on which she elects to exercise her talent.

Her passion is to investigate the innermost recesses of our nature, the fundamental strata of instinctive life, the facts which are ordinarily revealed

only in the most fleeting and unconscious manner—all that, in fact, which modern Christian civilization has endeavored to suppress, even while striving to refine it.

Hers is a delicate and difficult attempt, nor does she, by any means, always acquit herself satisfactorily, chiefly because she is so often inclined to exaggerate the importance of her own investigations. But the attempt of Mme. Marholm is also within certain limits an important and a fruitful attempt; and the region where she works is one where there has been very little methodical exploration; at least, in the way of that historical and literary criticism where Mme. Marholm specially shines. In the field of imaginative literature her rivals are more numerous.

Mme. Marholm fears nothing, and the liberties which she takes are great; yet one is always inclined to forgive her audacities of speech, for the sake of a certain healthful quality in them and an evident good intention which disarms criticism. If she sometimes exaggerates the value of her discoveries in regions which are seldom explored, she sometimes makes discoveries, too, which she utilizes in a masterly way. For one who is familiar with the strange introduction to Rousseau's "Confessions," for example, what a flash of illuminating criticism there is in the following little bit of analysis:

"Rousseau was the writer who first introduced into literature the figure of man on his knees before woman. It was he who first preached the faith in woman's essential superiority; in her virility, so to speak, or, at least, her virile qualities. There were psychological and even physiological reasons for this attitude of his, as we learn from the 'Confessions.' Rousseau—an artisan and a thorough plebeian—opened the way into literature for that new social class, which blossomed on the

outbreak of the Revolution; he made a place in letters for the feelings of the plebeian toward the great lady. This man was a *sport*—one of those phenomena of native perversion, who have more than once exercised an occult and mysterious influence over the direction of human thought and evolution. In the presence of a woman he could never feel simply like a man. He felt like a slave—a being who has been humiliated and chastised. He had no choice but to place woman on a pinnacle far above himself, and there mingled with his amatory sensations an impression of maternal tenderness. It was thus that the 'superior woman' made her entrance into romantic literature, Jean Jacques's influence being all-powerful at the moment of the revival of letters in Germany."

But we must check the tendency to quote, for it is not our purpose to go on multiplying instances of Mme. Marholm's audacity in speech. We prefer to pass lightly over these and to confine ourselves to an inquiry into her convictions and principles.

We have said that the word *reaction* best expresses the general tendency of her work, and we shall find her at once a reactionary from the social point of view—for she deeply regrets the tone and turn of mind of the women of the past; a reactionary in religious matters, since, though a Protestant in a Protestant country, she does not conceal her partiality for Catholicism, and her preference for the Catholic ideal of woman; a reactionary, finally, in her intellectual and moral preferences, for she despises refined culture, discourages reading altogether, and endeavors, in all matters, to render her sisters obedient to that voice of instinct which she regards as the natural counsellor of her sex. Let us note the progressive stages of her thought on these three different lines.

Mme. Marholm envies the existence

of our great-great-grandmothers. The very look of their portraits as they hang on the walls of our museums fills her with a glow of admiration, and excites feelings of unfeigned regret. Those pictures speak straight to her soul. Those tranquil matrons over whose lips a discreet smile hovers perpetually are, above all things, wives and mothers. Their prevailing expression bears witness both to the conscientiousness of the artist, and the complete absence of coquetry in the sitter. We quote the concluding phrase only of the minute study which Mme. Marholm devotes to the characteristics of these portraits, with their ample waists and modestly-velled busts:

"In sacred and profane art alike it is the function of motherhood which determines the type of the feminine ideal."

But the general aspect of these witnessesses to the past is profoundly modified by the triumph of the principle of absolutism; and, with it, of the modern spirit. The portraits of the last century are no less significant than those of the middle ages. The sole mission of the feminine form is now to charm, and the child no longer appears as the natural blossom of maternity. A faintly-sweet and tantalizing smile has replaced the serene, innocent and reposeful expression of former days. It is the upper part of the figure which is unduly developed and predominates over all the rest. Woman is already tainted. At the end of the eighteenth century we find her perched upon absurdly high heels, balancing, like a tower of Babel, her be-feathered and be-ribboned coiffure, transformed into a creature of impulse and caprice—a doll, but a dangerous one.

Now history teaches us that the grave and calm aspect which distinguishes the counterfeit presentments of the elder woman corresponds perfectly to

her healthful conception of life. That life glided away into a kind of a half slumber; in which events were rare and requirements few. Our ancestors of both sexes thanked God when they were not unhappy. Misfortune, in their eyes, was something positive; while happiness had a comparatively negative character; and one was happy if one had no pronounced causes for distress. To-day, on the contrary, the craving for personal happiness, individualized, many-hued, and, above all things, protracted, chants its hymn in millions of souls. It is never confounded with transitory enjoyments and mere sensations. "What is wanted is that peculiar and enduring satisfaction with oneself and in oneself," which induces a sort of slow, perpetual blossoming. For nowadays men and women live intensely all the time; while formerly intensity was the exception, and monotony the rule.

In those happy days, if we are to believe Mme. Marholm, a woman was no more exacting about men than she was about destiny. Her husband was hardly, to her, a distinctly-defined personality. Those ancestresses of ours rarely called their husbands by their first names, or by any endearing diminutive, but rather by the surname or family name, and often merely by that simple word which defines the sex in Germany—*Mann—My Man*. The woman never regarded her husband as something belonging to her, but as something upon which she was dependent; an incarnation of race and of sex—a being separated from herself by distance and mystery; a symbol not understood, but before which the feminine creature must bow. Life for those women was neither a game of chance, nor a joint account, nor an experiment bound, in most cases, to fail. "It was an impenetrable rite, performed above one's head, which one attended in a spirit of reverential awe, and with an unceasing en-

deavor to conform to the designs of Providence." . . .

Yet, in this blind submission to destiny, the women of the olden time found far more of happiness than they find in the wild revolts of the present. They were more useful than now and more influential, because they remained essentially women, strictly confined, indeed, but supreme in the domain of their native attributes; and the sway which they then exercised over cultivated society has been notably diminished in our time. "In all time," says Mme. Marholm, "the influence and effect of woman have depended far less on what she produces than on what she is. To-day she produces all manner of things. She studies, she writes endless books, she presides over innumerable meetings, she takes up collections for the most diverse objects, she gets doctor's degrees, she gives lectures and founds associations; she is more than ever in the public eye. And yet her influence upon public opinion is less than in the past. Where are now those historic hostesses, whose drawing-rooms were the rendezvous of the most progressive minds and the most eminent men of their generation? Where are those women of whom the exquisite finesse was felt in matters of the highest moment, whose influence was acknowledged to be greater than that of princes and prime ministers? Where are those to whose charm a deathless monument was reared in the creations of the greatest poets, whose genius for feeling and for loving warmed the hearts of men, upheld them, lent them wings on which to venture into the unknown, and to come back from their daring flight, equipped for the fullest, the richest, the fairest lives? Those women are nowhere. Woman has lost in individuality all that she has gained in weight, preponderance and importance."

We are bound to confess that this im-

passioned admiration for the past seems to us a little excessive. It is by no means proved either that the woman of the present day has sustained such terrible losses, or that she was so absolutely serene and satisfied in the past. Was the ancient organization of the family entirely beyond reproach? Without attempting to deny that we have lost much in the way of authority, discipline and respect, history, as we read it, does not permit us to admire without reserve the private life of the olden time. Rather, we may be permitted to suspect that most of the so-called modern foibles were already in existence, while there were certain abuses which the amelioration of modern manners has entirely abolished. Can the household of King Frederick William fairly be said to afford, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, the peaceful and blissful vision presented to our minds by the intrepid apologist of ancient Germany?

But we are by no means at the end of our surprises. If we inquire into the religious opinions of Mme. Marholm, we shall find ourselves wafted back to the hey-day of German romanticism. Her sympathetic comprehension of Catholicism, her sweeping disdain for the pretended moral conquests of the Reformation furnish a spectacle sufficiently rare in Germany, but which recalls certain tendencies in the England of to-day.

"Why," demands Mme. Marholm, after having painted in the most gloomy colors the present existence of woman, "why are the marriages of to-day devoid of happiness, its love deprived of wings? And why is it that all this is yet more conspicuous in Protestant than in Catholic countries? It is because Catholicism is, *par excellence*, the religion of women."

Mme. Marholm has written some really exquisite pages on the worship of the Virgin Mary, which she regards

as homage paid to the whole sex. It is a bold interpretation, and one which the church herself would hardly sanction without reservations, but it is also a most poetic and ingenious analysis of sentiments which are sacred and eternal. Long ago Feuerbach wrote in his "Essence of Christianity:" "Protestantism has set aside the Mother of God, and by so doing has degraded woman; but woman has avenged herself cruelly for the outrage put upon her."

"The worship of Mary," says Mme. Marholm in her turn, "was the great poetic achievement of the masculine soul, sending up to heaven, as from a natural fount, that longing for something detached from the senses and higher than they, by which man has always been tormented. It represented the sweetest note of his inner music. He showed his most complete understanding of the high destiny of woman, and the mystery of human life, when he raised the mother and child to a place above the altar. When he transfigured the companion of his existence into a sacred being, and showed the baby stretching out its little arms toward the heart of every man, he sanctified woman in her function as a mother, and made it sacrilege to ill-treat a child. Infinite was the softening of hearts, incalculable the amelioration of manners which beamed from every one of those images of God's mother enthroned above the altar. The Christ, at once Deity and sucking babe, in the arms of the blessed Virgin, showed his naked baby-body with an admonition at once tender and awe-inspiring. 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these,' was what it said, 'ye did it unto Me'—to Me, the divine in the infant, and the infant in God. And always the youthful virgin-mother spread her mantle over mothers and young maids alike; and every sin committed against a woman became a mortal sin in the eyes of man."

But Mme. Marholm deduces consequences more plausible and remarkable yet, from that cult which she so reproaches Protestantism with having rejected; for the glorification of the mother, she insists, was calculated to deliver man from the baleful fascination of the mere woman. "She" (the woman, and observe that it is not a man who speaks), "by her humors, her tears, her vanity and her inveterate acting, the nonsense that she talks and her contracted views, is often a heavy drag on her companion. There is a perpetual misunderstanding between the husband who desires rest and the wife who will give him none."

If we are to believe our author, one blessed result of the worship of Mary is that it helped to clear up this misunderstanding by delivering man from a too-direct contact with woman. It made him patient with the companion of a day, by lifting his thoughts to a superhuman ideal. It made him tolerant without weakness and compassionate without servility. But Protestantism, by suppressing the worship of the Virgin and the devotion to ~~images~~ *images*, has committed the huge mistake of transferring the adoration of man from woman to some particular woman. The next step was to require of all mortal women the virtues of the celestial woman, and to scan, with a distrustful eye, their persons, their bearing, their actions and sentiments. Protestantism asked more of woman than had ever been asked before, and got less. Nor is this the only earnest protest launched by Mme. Marholm against a too-ethereal conception of her sex. In her eyes a woman is a creature of flesh and instinct—anything but an angel.

Catholicism, on the other hand, has shown a perfect comprehension of all the inevitable weaknesses of human nature. "In the middle ages it absorbed the whole sentimental life of the epoch,

stimulating and soothing by turns, teaching the art of fine distinctions, developing in the woman a more subtle and powerful charm, and at the period of the Renaissance, sending her back into the life of the age stronger than of old and better equipped."

Last of all, Mme. Marholm proclaims her strong Catholic sympathies by the respect she shows for religious orders among women. "To be a nun," she says, "is honorable, for it implies a voluntary renunciation. To be an old maid is not honorable, because, in the majority of cases, one is not such of one's own free will." "Nobody ever thinks of a nun as an old maid," our author exclaims elsewhere; "nor is she one, either in air or feature. There is among *religieuses*, even the sickly and suffering ones, a steadfast serenity, and a striking femininity utterly lacking to the unmarried woman of mature years."

The admiration awakened by the noble achievements of these self-devoted souls is nowhere more warmly expressed than in the pages which Mme. Marholm consecrates to the Countess Schimmelman. She tells at length the life-story of this former maid-of-honor to the Empress Augusta, sprung from an ancient Mecklenburg family,² and who, be it observed, was, at one time, confined in an insane asylum, although she succeeded in proving that she was unjustly imprisoned. The countess herself has described her mission in life in a mystical pamphlet, which Mme. Marholm greatly admires because its drift coincides with her own views about the heart's needs and the true vocation of woman. The Protestant Samaritan was consumed by a longing for self-sacrifice, but tormented at the same time by agonizing doubts about the depth of her own love for Jesus.

"But suddenly," to quote her own words, "I was consoled by an inspiration from above. The important point, I said to myself, is not whether you love Jesus, but whether Jesus loves you. The moment you feel that he does love you, your answering love will follow as a natural consequence." "And as I read these lives," said Mme. Marholm, "I thought: We have now reached the central point of this singular personality. We touch upon the most essential aspiration of every real woman, that of feeling herself bathed in the living warmth of an affection, which, in this case, was sublimated into the overflowing love of the Son of God for His entire creation. The moment the woman's imagination found rest in the presence of that indispensable affection, everything became orderly for her; her inner equilibrium was attained, never more to be shaken, and she felt herself pacified, healed, fortified against every possible form of outward trial."

Henceforth, Countess Schimmelman gave herself to the most laborious and painful tasks. Sometimes she played the part of foster-mother to the rude Pomeranian fishermen of the Baltic coast, preparing for them with her own hands warm and abundant meals, which might serve to keep them away from the taverns in their brief times ashore. During the great strike which raged in the country north of Berlin in the winter of 1892, braving the enmity of the most degraded denizens of a great city, a far more ferocious class than seamen ever are, she founded among them, and herself directed, a cooperative carpenter's shop, which gave work to a large number, and seemed to her a more useful form of charity than the giving of bread. She then returned to the sea-side, purchased a yacht, and cruised about the shores

* A family rather conspicuous in the literary history of Germany for having helped Schiller at the outset of his career and relieved the necessities of

that finest interpreter of the classics in Goethe's day—the tragic actress Charlotte Ackermann.

of England and Denmark, carrying provisions at reasonable terms to the deep-sea fishermen who, up to that time, had been exploited without mercy by manufacturers ashore. In this manner she provisioned some five hundred vessels, adding to her maritime commerce the distribution of Bibles, of which she gave away twenty thousand in one year. These efforts of hers naturally excited the most violent opposition in those whose trade she injured, and whose dishonest gains were menaced by her spirited action, but the risks she ran could not cool the flame of her holy zeal. It would really seem impossible to unite a more intrepid activity with a more exact appreciation of the needs both moral and economical of the present time.

But what are the reflections suggested to Mme. Marholm by the spectacle of all these self-denying efforts? Their results appear to her small; they are sterile, because isolated. In order to produce durable effects these good works should have been carried on with equal fervor of spirit, but more impersonally. In a word—tasks of this nature are for orders of women. Those who die must immediately be replaced by new workers in the Lord's vineyard. Isolated and temporary succor remains useless and even demoralizing. Under a firm and continuous direction a woman like the Countess Schimmelman might have worked miracles. As it is, she has left only a great example. The traces of her activity vanish like the furrow of her yacht in the waves of the North Sea.

In the latest pages which she has given to the world, Mme. Marholm arrives at the conception of a magnificent work for the women who remain unmarried. They are to be organized into vast sisterhoods, whose members will undertake that maternal mission which no woman ought ever wholly to miss. The sisters will rear the abandoned

children, and first of all those of the unhappy young girls who were once under the immediate protection of the Virgin Mother, but whom Protestantism has thrust deeper than ever into crime and despair. These associations, with their innumerable dependencies, will nurse the sick, train the young girls especially, and organize workshops. Their members will be severe to themselves, but ever indulgent towards others. They will impose no obligatory religious exercises, and they will feel that they are themselves bound to celibacy by their charitable activities. It is a program which differs in many respects from that of those Catholic sisterhoods which Protestantism continued so long to ridicule and proscribe, before it began to copy them by instituting orders of deaconesses. But Mme. Marholm, it will be perceived, goes as far as it will be possible to go in the direction of restoring in their original form these admirable institutions.

If now we come to the core of her reactionary doctrines, and seek for her ultimate conception of woman's destiny, and the normal existence which best befits the sex, it becomes fully apparent that her favorite panacea and all-healing remedy is a return to nature and an implicit obedience to the voice of feminine instinct.

Let us run rapidly over the sparkling pages in which she recapitulates her favorite theses. Woman can never, under any circumstances, take a new departure. All that she does, completes, or occasions is but a result, a consequence, a development of something previously created, either expressed or understood. Whatever she may please to fancy, she is under subjection to the same law in the realm of the intellect as in her bodily constitution. Whether or no she accepts the physical régime appointed for her, whether she becomes a mother or a journalist, she cannot

change the eternal code which commands her intelligence no less than her frame; she will never create. But nature has given her, in recompense, a quality which is all her own. What she receives from man is developed within her organism—fair or foul, strong or weak, clever or stupid, good or bad, receiving up to a certain point the impress of her substance, of that which she brings to the completion of the work accomplished within her. But never, never, under any circumstances, can a woman, even the most highly gifted, change a false idea into a true one, or an evil germ into a wholesome fruit.

There is something admirable in the frankness of this avowal, from the lips of so distinguished a woman, of the bounds forever set—by nature's own hand—to feminine activity. Mme. Marholm goes on to say that the emancipation of woman is one of those erroneous ideas, which are the offspring of weak, exhausted and incapable masculine brains. Man, in search of the prop which has become necessary to his own weakness, in a society undermined by time, turns to woman, and addresses her thus:

"I cannot continue to sustain, feed and defend you, and I no longer wish to do it. It has become an intolerable burden, and, moreover, it is unworthy of me. Henceforth, we are equal. I will give you all the rights which I possess, so that we may have precisely the same chance in fighting for our bone like so many famished dogs. I no longer claim it for myself alone, but per contra, I shall not willingly share it with you, as I did in the days of mediæval obscurantism. Let us close unhesitatingly in our struggle for the bone! 'Tis the privilege of us both as human creatures. Yet certain requirements of the heart and the flesh continue to sub-

sist. Let us then make a treaty, founded upon personal freedom, for mutual support. We shall find the type of such a union in associations with limited liability, and we will arrange our partnership with a view to mutual profit. To each will belong what he or she brings into the firm, and what they may afterward respectively earn. We shall increase our general efficiency by thus leaning one upon another. And I need that sort of assistance, for the tendencies of the age have undermined my strength—devilishly."

"Mutual support, indeed!" replies the independent young woman of the period. "I have something else to do beside furnishing a prop to your weakness. I shall be more comfortable entirely alone, for I have no heart-cravings—not one! My needs are food, drink, sleep and work; and of these the last is the most pressing. I have a consuming thirst for labor. My gifts and talents have been rusting through centuries of inaction. I must first become a 'human creature' before I can be a true woman. So say Stuart-Mill, Bebel and Ibsen. We are both human creatures, and, for the present at least, nothing more. Write as many books on the subject as you please, my dear human colleague. 'Tis the only employment really worthy of a 'human creature,' and I will not only read all you write, but I will chatter endlessly on the theme you have suggested. This is a species of 'support' which you will always have from me."

"And so," Mme. Marholm goes on to say, "the human colleagues take one another by the arm, and, reflecting and poetizing by turns, move toward the rosy dawn of the coming age. But he who meets them clad in the simple garb of their new character, receives much the same impression as he gets from some of the canvasses of our modern painters. He asks himself anxiously which is the man and which is the woman?

The exterior signs are lacking, and the interior, also."

These quotations will suffice to show how peculiarly severe Mme. Marholm is toward the masculine apostles of Feminism. They strike her as nothing more nor less than physical and moral bankrupts. As to the women whom they have converted to their unnatural doctrines, the whole force of her pen is directed against these refugees who attempt to escape from the bonds of their sex, but who are brought back sooner or later by avenging nature, to their happiness if they recover from their illusions in time, to their eternal misery if they persevere to the end in their self-conceited error. . . . The woman who seeks emancipation by modern methods is a base deserter who abandons her past that she may escape the trials incident to her true destiny. She always wants to escape from the tutelage of man, often from the burdens of maternity, and, in the vast majority of cases, from the dependence and impersonality of her sex. But she commits an unconscious outrage against her own womanhood by so desiring, and "henceforth she must linger before the closed door of that innermost sanctuary which she has abandoned, listening in vain for the echoes of the divine rite, the sacred mysteries that are celebrated within. . . . Some few

force the door, enter, and surrender to their true masters. Others remain forever outside."

What women need is not to read, but to live, and to derive their subsistence not from the brain, but from the great feminine heart. We must return to our original instincts. An era of thought which has lasted for four centuries is now coming to an end, and there are many signs of a new era of feeling which will involve the supremacy of woman. Her mission is purely and simply the building of future generations. Let her glory in that mission which Mme. Marholm has certainly expressed by a noble formula, and all other things will be added unto her. Conjugal duties, maternal rights—these, according to Mme. Marholm, are the sole ends toward which the activity of women can properly be directed, at least in principle. It remains for us to consider how far in her writings she has followed out the logical conclusions of these patriarchal premises—whether she is not, unconsciously to herself, somewhat tainted by the spirit of the age in which she lives; finally, whether her writings, as a whole, leave the impression which she intended to produce, and are likely to effect the conversions which she so ardently desires.

Ernest Sailliére.

Revue des Deux Mondes.

(To be concluded.)

NIGHT-PIECE.

The moon between the deodars,
The rising moon, benign and bright,
Came with her train of shining stars
And looked on me to-night. . . .

Beneath the high, the dusky boughs,
Her golden face bent fair and mild—
Even as it were my mother's house
And I once more her child.

Pall Mall Magazine.

Rosamund Marriott Watson.

THE ROYAL ARMY MEDICAL CORPS.

Our army, as a whole, and in each of its branches, has been severely tested for several months. There have been many details of command and administration which apparently deserve to be criticised, though it is possible that, when the whole truth is eventually published, it may be found that the present weight of criticism may have to be readjusted or even removed altogether. Circumstances are sometimes stronger than organization, however perfect, or plans of action, however well-conceived. But there is one military department which has proved itself quite equal to the work that it has undertaken, in whose operations it has been impossible to detect the slightest flaw, and in which there has never been any friction or shortcoming. The medical service of the army has attracted the cordial admiration of Continental, and particularly Russian, military surgeons by its performance of duty in the field and the completeness of its arrangements, and this means a great deal, as almost every other branch of the army is, whether rightly or not, judged unfavorably. It is a good thing when others see us as we would wish to be seen, and "Maga" most cordially joins in the chorus of foreign approval, and wishes to direct attention to noble work nobly done. It is in the highest degree satisfactory to see a perfect organization perfectly successful in the ends for which it has been framed, and those who are responsible for it ought not to lack their meed of public appreciation.

There is no question but that the Royal Army Medical Corps (the department of which we speak) is animated just now by a very special desire to deserve well of England. Some years ago, and for a long time previous-

ly, the Army Medical Department, admirable and deserving as it had always proved itself, had been left by the country's government in a most anomalous condition, both as regards rank and privilege. It had been systematically snubbed, and its professional and military pride had been gravely injured. Its officers were justifiably disheartened, and the service had lost its attraction for the best young men from the medical schools. In December, 1896, "Maga" took up the cudgels in its behalf and summed up the subject in a manner which, she is proud to believe, gained the gratitude of the department, and had some influence in moving the authorities to make necessary reforms. A due military rank was subsequently granted to the medical officers, and they, with their men, were formed into a special corps bearing the proud distinction of "Royal." Although it is certain that this concession should be by no means final, and that, in many details, there yet remains much to be done, it has given the highest satisfaction to our army surgeons, and, in order to show themselves worthy of honor, they are, if it were possible, more anxious than ever before to strain every nerve in the performance of duty. They can never have to submit to a higher trial than that which is being given to them by the present war.

Few people realize completely what is the work that the Royal Army Medical Corps has to do, how vast are the responsibilities committed to it. Let it then be understood that from the time when a severe campaign is in full swing, the most moderate estimate of the number of the sick and wounded to be dealt with is ten per

cent. of the total forces employed. If we have 100,000 men in the field, there will, at any given time, be about 10,000 in the care of the R. A. M. C. While soldiers are effective for fighting purposes, they are distributed in regiments, battalions and batteries; in brigades, divisions and armies. The moment that they are stricken by disease or become victims to the enemy's weapons, they pass into another organization. They become medical or surgical cases, and are on the strength of one or other of the established posts over which floats the red-cross flag. Every one of these posts has its special object, from the hurried relief on the battlefield itself, the careful examination and treatment at some neighboring spot, more or less sheltered from the enemy's bullets, up to the completely-fitted field hospital and the still more elaborate hospital at the base of operations. It is worth while to examine all of these, and to see what share each takes in the saving of life, the mitigation of suffering, and the possible restoration of a soldier to his place in the fighting line.

First, for the battlefield every unit (regiment, battalion, or brigade division of artillery) has attached to it an officer of the R. A. M. C., who accompanies it wherever it goes, and is ever at hand to give instant attention when casualties occur. These gallant gentlemen are as much exposed to the enemy's fire as any of the combatants, and they practise their profession coolly and deliberately under circumstances the most trying to nerve and mental equilibrium that can well be conceived. To their valor is often due the preservation of a life that is ebbing away or the saving of a limb that would otherwise be lost. Even if the case is beyond the aid of science, who can gauge the great reduction of mortal agony that may be the work of their tender and skilful hands? After the first attention has

been paid to the wounded, they are removed by the regimental stretcher-bearers to the "collecting station," a spot as near the fighting line as possible, but to a certain extent sheltered from the enemy's fire. No surgical work is done here; but the first line of ambulances is in waiting, and receives the victims of war for carriage to the "dressing station." And now we come to the work of another item of the system, the "bearer companies," one of which is attached to each brigade of cavalry or infantry. In a great battle it would be obviously impossible for the surgeons attached to units to attend to all the men who are injured—the regimental stretcher-bearers could not carry all from the field. More assistance is necessary, and this is given by a bearer-company, consisting of three officers, nearly sixty non-commissioned officers and men of the R. A. M. C., and thirty-eight men, under a warrant officer, of the Army Service Corps. The major of the company and another medical officer remain at the dressing station with the sergeant-major, three non-commissioned officers, four privates, and a cook, while the remainder of the company moves after the fighting-line to help in tending and removing the wounded as they fall. The dressing station is established beyond the zone of fire, and, if possible, near a road and a good water supply. Buildings are utilized when available, but if not tents are pitched; fires are lighted for heating water and preparing restoratives; everything that surgery requires is ready for use, and medical comforts are provided. It is here that there is the first opportunity of minutely examining the condition of a wounded man. Here he is carefully attended to. Here immediately necessary operations are performed, and here his strength is sustained by food and stimulants. Mr. Treves, one of the consulting surgeons with the forces in Africa, gives a most

vivid account of what he saw at such a place:—

The scene presented at this spot was beyond description. The men were coming in as fast as ambulances and bearers could bring them. Some were dead, some were dying, all were parched with thirst and baked and blistered with heat. The men were lying on all sides on stretchers—amidst tents, piles of rifles, accoutrements, battered helmets, and blood-stained tunics. It was a sight no one would wish to see again, and the blazing sun added to the miseries of all.

But the dressing station is only a halting-place. There it is impossible to keep any cases for prolonged treatment and all are at once placed in the second line of ambulances for conveyance to the "field hospital." This is a large establishment consisting of a hundred beds, and is under the charge of four officers and a quartermaster, with thirty-five non-commissioned officers and privates R. A. M. C., and, in addition, twenty non-commissioned officers and privates Army Service Corps for transport duty. A field hospital is attached to every brigade or equivalent body of troops, and it can, if required by circumstances, be subdivided into sections of twenty-five beds. As it must accompany its brigade on the march, it is to the fullest extent mobile; but it is so equipped and provided that it can remain in one place for a considerable period and give to its patients every facility for repose and comfort as long as they remain in its shelter. This is no long time, however. Being liable to marching orders at any moment, every case that can possibly be removed must be transferred at once to a "stationary hospital." As its name implies, this is a hospital which does not accompany the movements of the army, and is a fixture until there is a great change in the scheme of operations. It is placed on the line of communications, and all

of its arrangements have a more or less permanent character. There are several stationary hospitals now in South Africa, and each contains a hundred beds; but it can be broken up into sections of fifty beds, complete in every respect. The *personnel* of each is nearly the same as that of a field hospital, with the exception that there is no transport equipment. No man is, however, placed in a stationary hospital if he is fit to undergo the journey to a "general hospital" at the base of operations. General hospitals have been established at the great South African seaport towns, and they are the *ne plus ultra* of medical science and administration, hardly yielding in any single point to the great organizations at home. Each accommodates 500 rank and file and 20 officers, and is worked by a large staff, comprising a colonel, seven officers, and about 140 non-commissioned officers with men of the R. A. M. C., with eleven civilian surgeons, a lady superintendent and eight nursing sisters. From the general hospital there are only two moves possible for the patient—one back to his native land when he is, alas! permanently disabled or not likely to be fit for war for a considerable time; the other, and happily it is one that can often be made, when he is entirely restored to health and strength and is able to return to his duty in the ranks, very likely again to qualify for hospital treatment.

The long list of posts where sick and wounded are treated by no means exhausts the *rôle* of beneficent establishments under the direct charge and administration of the officers R. A. M. C. Besides the base depots and advanced depots of stores, medical comforts, etc., for which they are directly responsible, they have entirely in their hands the equipment and control of all the transport of patients by land and sea. No methods long prepared and framed in accordance with

any practicable peace establishment could ever cope satisfactorily with the dire immediate necessities of a great battlefield, and the wise foresight of Colonel Gallwey, C. B., the principal medical officer with Sir Redvers Buller's army, made one of the most admirable provisions ever heard of in war's history. He organized a volunteer ambulance corps of 2000 men, who were told off in the proportion of 12 men to a stretcher. These stretcher-carriers bore all the more-seriously wounded from the field in the Colenso fight, and thus spared them the suffering and danger which would have been inevitable from the jolting of the ambulance wagons over the uneven ground. Not only did they do this all day, but during the following night and day they carried all the worst cases on to the stationary hospital. It was due principally to Colonel Gallwey's bold initiative and thoroughness of previous organization that not a single wounded man was left on the field after dark. This is only one instance out of many that might be cited showing what a practical grasp the officers R. A. M. C. have of everything that bears on their responsibilities, and how perfectly prepared they are to foresee and meet necessities that may arise.

Then for the long railway journeys from the front to the base, hospital trains of the most elaborate completeness in equipment were prepared before the necessity for their use actually arose, and have been found admirably adapted for their purpose. Each train is a self-contained hospital, with stores, means of cooking, comfortable arrangements for patients, and room for a medical staff. African railways are generally a single line of rails, so frequent shunting onto a siding must take place to allow other trains to pass; but from this there follows no inconvenience except the delay, and every pre-

caution is taken that in passing from the battlefield to the general hospital there is no increase of hurt or suffering. Again, the work on the Natal side may be quoted as an example of what has been done, but certainly only as a case of *ex uno disce omnes*. Major Brazier Creagh has made his hospital trains the object of unlimited labor and thought. In them, as soon as a patient has been put into his berth, he has been able to command iced soda-water and whisky, iced milk, hot soup, or even champagne and seltzer water. In relation to hospital trains it should be noted that Major Creagh brought his train actually under fire on to the battlefield at Colenso, and that the wounded were lifted into it from the place where they fell. Truly, if war is a brutal and illogical business, at any rate some of its worst evils have been palliated by philanthropic science.

In African waters there are now six hospital ships—the Trojan and the Spartan, which were provided by government; the Princess of Wales, prepared by the Red Cross Society, assisted by funds given by the kind Princess whose name it bears, from moneys remaining in her hands after the occupation of Egypt; the Maine, chartered and fitted out by the generous exertions of American ladies, under the personal care and supervision of Lady Randolph Churchill; and the Lismore and Nubia, lately fitted out in the colony. These magnificently arranged and provided ships are under the direct control of the R. A. M. C., though it has been, of course, impossible to find, from its too-limited numbers, all the professional *personnel*, and this has been formed from the cream of the medical faculty in England and the United States.

The normal requirements of an army in the way of medical attendance differ so enormously from the tremendous pressure of a great war, that it would

be out of the question to maintain such a permanent establishment of the R. A. M. C. as would be sufficient to meet all the duties which now lie before it. Like those of other nations, our military medical department has always had to contemplate the necessity, when an emergency arose, of appealing to the medical profession at large for assistance. The appeal has now been made by the Director-General, and most nobly and enthusiastically has it been answered. Thousands of the most highly-qualified men in our islands, representing all the great medical schools, have applied for employment, and the only difficulty has been to choose from the multitude the few hundreds that have been required. It is understood that these civilian surgeons are to receive the same pay and allowances during their term of employment as the regular officers; but no such temptations, nor indeed any temptations whatever, were necessary to secure their services. These gallant volunteers were only anxious to practice their noble profession in their country's service, not in mere commonplace hospital work, but in the most advanced posts, where exposure and hardship are greatest, and the enemy's bullets are flying most thickly. So far it has not been considered desirable to gratify their very laudable ambition to the utmost, as their lack of military experience and knowledge of military routine might present some difficulties, but they are finding ample employment in the base and stationary hospitals. It is by no means improbable, however, that the time may come when some of them may find themselves in situations which will very fully try their nerve and hardihood.

In addition to the regular working staff of our medical organization for war, our soldiers are also having with them some of the greatest British surgeons as consultants. The names of

Sir W. MacCormac, Mr. Treves, Sir W. Stokes, and others who have gone to South Africa, are those of princes in their great calling, and England owes a deep debt of gratitude to such men, who, forsaking their great positions and largely-paid practices at home, have gone forth on their errand of mercy. It is no confession of weakness on the part of the R. A. M. C. that it should welcome the advice in grave cases of scientists whose reputation is pre-eminent. The credit of its officers, gained brilliantly in peace and war, puts it beyond any such suggestion; but there is no doubt that it is often more difficult to decide whether a serious operation is advisable than to perform the operation itself, and it must be of the greatest satisfaction to the patient, to the patient's friends at home, and to the surgeon, that the propriety of any course of action should be supported and fortified by an opinion of unquestionable weight and value. If they had gone from England for nothing else but to inspect and report upon the R. A. M. C. work in the field and in hospital, the presence of the consultants in Africa would have been an immense satisfaction to the English people. No men know better than they what surgery and nursing should be, and when, as independent critics, they can and do pour forth unstinted praise upon every detail that has come before them, we can bless the arrangement that has given us their opinion. In employing these distinguished men, England is only doing what all great Continental nations propose to do in the case of war; but even in our own history we have seen a leading London surgeon hurry to the scene of a great campaign:—

The fact may not inappropriately be recalled that Sir Charles Bell acted as a volunteer consultant to the forces after Waterloo. In his "Letters," published by his widow, it is stated that

when, on June 22, 1815, the news of the great battle reached London, Bell exclaimed to his brother-in-law, Mr. John Shaw, afterwards surgeon to the Middlesex hospital: "Johnnie! How can we let this pass? Here is such an occasion of seeing gunshot wounds come to our very door. Let us go." They set off at once, the only passports they thought of being surgical instruments; these Shaw shook in the faces of the officers, who thereupon let them pass without making any difficulty. On their arrival at Brussels they found things in some confusion. Bell writes on July 1: "It was thought we were prepared for a great battle, yet there we are, eleven days after it, only making arrangements for the reception of the wounded."

Sir Charles Bell appears to have given his great skill principally to the French wounded, though he was consulted by General Adam, Sir Edward Barnes, Sir Henry Hardinge, and other officers.

After all, surgery and medicine are not everything in the treatment of a case, but careful and tender nursing takes a very important part. The medical officer cannot always remain by one bedside, and if his directions are not minutely carried out during the long hours when he is employed elsewhere, his best skill will be but of partial avail. It does not appear to be usually known that the men of the R. A. M. C. are not only stretcher-bearers, but are also highly-skilled and experienced hospital attendants, and are divided, according to their capabilities, into various classes. The orderlies of the first class are thoroughly-trained "nurses," while the others are employed as compounders, cooks, etc. Probably nowhere is the responsibility of nursing more felt than it is by the orderlies in a military hospital. Quite irrespective of the sympathetic feeling which we believe that most Englishmen have towards helplessness and suffering, they

are very fully imbued with the military virtues of discipline and devotion to duty. We know well how in the combatant ranks good officers can by their leading incite their men to deeds of chivalry and heroism, and, in like manner, the unfailing, scientific coolness, resource, presence of mind, and entire forgetfulness of self shown by the officers of the R. A. M. C. are constantly emulated by the men who serve with them. There is no doubt that in the line nearest the enemy, where work must inevitably be, to some extent, rough and ready, when grave danger is hovering near, and a hospital must, as it were, "come into action" with the utmost rapidity, and not always under the most favorable surrounding circumstances, the men of the R. A. M. C. are the best possible nurses. It has been suggested that some lady nurses should be attached to the field hospitals; but the consensus of opinion among those who are responsible that the work is well done, and among the poor Tommies who form the cases, is that the ladies would be quite out of place so near the battlefield, and that it is much better to rely entirely on the men who have always proved themselves to be so good and efficient. It is obvious, too, that if a lady nurse falls sick it would be impossible in a field hospital to provide that she should have the care and privacy due to her sex.

But in the case of our sick and wounded soldiers there is still a very important place for lady nurses. Immediately after the first shock of a wound, the patient's thoughts are still full of the excitement of the fight, or else he is nearly unconscious of surrounding influences. So long as he is attended to, there is little room for the sway of the mind over the body; but when he finds himself in a stationary or base hospital, during the long-drawn-out days while he is slowly progressing to convalescence, or when, perhaps, he

is fading out of life, the gentle touch of a woman's hand, and the soothing tone of a woman's voice, are to him of inestimable value. Good and attentive as male nurses may be, their care lacks something which is supplied by that of the "ministering angels." This has been recognized for some years, and a corps of ladies called the Army Nursing Service has been formed for hospital duty in England and the Colonies, India being provided for by the Indian Nursing Service, which is a separate body. The sisters of the Army Nursing Service all go through a course of instruction at Netley, and there become accustomed to military ways and military discipline. A large number of them are now in South Africa, and how admirably their work is done will be told by the invalids who are now returning to England. As the Army Nursing Service would be unable to meet all the calls upon it, it is supplemented by sisters from the Army Nursing Reserve, an organization managed by a committee of which Princess Christian is president, and into whose benevolent work she has thrown her whole energy. The followers in the footsteps of Florence Nightingale are now many. The good work that she initiated has now become a commonplace of warlike organization, the difficulties that she found in her path have passed away forever, and all the world recognizes the noble practicalness of her aims.

Some comment has been made on the omission of special sanitary officers from the staffs of our armies. The fact is, however, that such officers are now in no way needed. Every officer of the R. A. M. C. goes through a course at Netley on all matters connected with sanitation, and is perfectly competent to advise in every such detail. The medical officer attached to each unit is responsible to the principal medical officer of the division for the proper condition of his camp, and a most care-

ful eye is kept upon the sources of water-supply, the food, and all matters that can possibly affect the well-being of the men. How thoroughly sanitation is attended to is shown by the excellent general health of all the troops, although typhoid fever is known to be very prevalent in South Africa during the autumn and summer. The only places where there have been any serious outbreaks are among the besieged garrisons and one or two camps close to the enemy, and their conditions are, of course, beyond the control of any sanitary science, however perfect and however energetic in action.

A very ill-advised commander in the English army once said, not so very long ago, that the medical corps "were not soldiers, but only attendants upon soldiers." It may be, perhaps, difficult to define what special qualifications or employments make a man a soldier, but if entire self-abnegation in the cause of duty, if patient endurance of fatigue and hardship in the course of military operations, if the profoundest disregard of danger in the battlefield, if the fact of their officers and men being large sharers in the death and injury that smite the *personnel* of an army, are any of the conditions that mark a true soldier, the R. A. M. C. can say, "No men are more of soldiers than we." This must be iterated again and yet again; for, in the face of these very palpable facts, there can be no doubt that in certain military quarters, and those, so far, very influential quarters, there is still a deep-rooted feeling of animosity against the medical service. Or is it possible that the feeling is rather one of jealousy because that service has been so eminently equal to a great occasion, when the purely combatant administration has, to say the least, not been too successful? Specific army status has been granted to the medical department, but this has not apparent-

ly always carried with it the recognition that is due. For a salient example of what is meant it may be pointed out that the name of the principal medical officer of the last Soudan expedition was omitted from the otherwise comprehensive list of those to whom the thanks of Parliament were tendered. The record of special acts of gallantry performed by our officers and men in South Africa is somewhat slow in reaching us, and what has come has been wanting in fulness. Perhaps it is only the despatches of successful generals that can be expected to contain eulogies of subordinates, however well they may have served, however brilliant an example they may have given. But, though we have yet to learn officially the details of many deeds of heroism, the commanders of the most important forces hitherto employed have spoken generally in the most laudatory terms about the work done by the R. A. M. C. General Buller says:—

One of the Natal papers is attacking the military hospitals, and, as some of the false and ridiculous statements may cause anxiety at home, I think it right to say that Mr. Treves assures me that there is no possible ground for complaint, and that I may rest satisfied that all the medical arrangements are completely satisfactory to him. I pressed him if he could suggest improvement, and he said he could not. I have given the matter every consideration, and can only express my admiration of the arrangements made by Colonel Gallwey and the Royal Army Medical Corps, and Mr. Treves assures me that he entirely agrees with me.

Lord Methuen thus concludes his despatch after the Modder River fight:—

Again I call attention to the splendid hospital arrangements, for at 4.45 p. m. on the day after the fight all my wounded were on the way to Capetown. I am glad to have been slightly

wounded, because in no other way could I have learnt the care taken of the wounded; and there was nothing officer or private soldier required that was not provided at once, and the medical officers never tired in their endeavor to alleviate suffering.

The despatch also contains the following mention: "He (Colonel Paget) draws attention to Captain Moores, R. A. M. C., who, although wounded in the hand, said nothing, but continued his duties."

From other sources we know that, while our soldiers have behaved, without exception, in accordance with the noblest traditions of the British race, when one of the few bright elements in the campaign's history is the knowledge that all ranks have quitted themselves like men, the R. A. M. C. has specially distinguished itself, and we cannot help feeling our blood stirred by tales of what it has done. Mr. Treves tells of poor Lieutenant Roberts's death:—

Before he was brought in he had been lying for seven hours in the sun in a donga. Here he was attended by Major Babbie, R.A.M.C., who rode into the donga through a hail of bullets, and whose horse was killed under him. Major Babbie kept by the wounded men in the donga until the battle was over, and as he alone had water in his water-bottle he doled out water to each man in a minim measure, one drachm to each. The courage and daring of Major Babbie on this occasion call for some recognition from the medical profession, if not from the military authorities.

Then the *Morning Post's* correspondent, writing of the battle of Magersfontein:—

It is most necessary here to say a word in praise of the Army Medical Corps, who faced a hot fire all day long, going close up to the firing-line to

bring back our wounded. It seems almost incredible that during the day 500 wounded men should have been brought back by the Medical Corps, though to get them back stretcher-bearers and searchers had to cross and recross a zone of fire nearly a mile wide.

Writing of the same battle, the Daily Telegraph correspondent says:—

When the ambulance was brought up about noon, the Boers would not allow it to come nearer than 500 yards. Ensor, however, went on alone within 300 yards of the enemy and brought back a wounded man, although a heavy fire was directed on him by the Boers. Captain Probyn, attached to the Gordon Highlanders, walked erect up and down the firing-line attending to the wounded officers and men under a hail of bullets.

And so on and so on.

Several officers of the R. A. M. C. have met a soldier's death on the field. The first to give his life for his country was Major Gray, who fell while ministering to the wounded at Elandslaagte. Then Captain Hughes, one of the most brilliant young English scientists, died by Buller's side at Colenso. Even that unemotional commander telegraphed, "We had all learned to love him;" and it has been written of him in a great professional journal, "His untimely death is a loss not only to the Royal Army Medical Corps, but also to the profession at large as well as to medical science." And, alas! there are others.

A very spirited ditty has come before us. It was published in the Morning Post, and it is no discredit to it to say that it is evidently inspired by the study of Rudyard Kipling. Its last lines seem to sum up very perfectly all that we think about the R. A. M. C. in the field:—

But, here's to the man of the R.A.M.C.
Buzzing about on the field like a bee,
Tending the wounded where lead's flying hot,

Biting his lip when he gets himself shot;
Brave as the best of us, hurt and not tell,

Doctor he may be—he's soldier as well.

And besides their chivalrous courage and readiness in the actual battlefield, the R. A. M. C. have given examples of the most extraordinary endurance in carrying out their duties after the actual fighting is over,—an endurance so much beyond the ordinary capacity of human powers that it can only be accounted for by believing that they are stimulated by the noblest professional zeal and the most eager and high-minded philanthropy. After the battle of Magersfontein the medical men worked incessantly for *thirty-six* hours. After the battle of Colenso Mr. Treves writes:—

Some 800 wounded were passed through the field hospitals and dealt with by sixteen surgeons. Those who harshly criticise the Medical Department should have seen the work done on the memorable Friday on the Naval Hill before Colenso. No work could have been done better. The equipment was good, the arrangements elaborated, and the officers worked on hour after hour without rest or food under the most trying possible conditions. No greater strain could have fallen upon a department, and all concerned met the brunt of it valiantly and well. One could not be other than proud of one's profession.

And be it remembered that the men who did this great work—work which involved as much toil to the brain as it demanded the utmost skillfulness of hand—did not come to it fresh and unfatigued. Many of them had had a weary march, many of them had been present and employed during the long and bitter action. The temperature

was over 100 degrees, and the atmosphere was permeated with dust. Truly a marvellous feat!

Something has now been said of our Army's Medical Service in the field, of its marvellously-perfect organization, of the individual initiative, cool courage, skill, endurance and sense of duty shown by its members in the most trying tests that can well be conceived; but it must be remembered that there are other officers of the R. A. M. C. who, though they are not serving in the field, have to discharge duties as essential to the efficient working of the department. A long succession of most able, experienced and practical men have built up the present system of administration and execution, and it has been the good fortune of Surgeon-General Jameson, the present Director-General, to see how admirable in every

respect is the result of the labor done by himself and his predecessors. He has, within the last few months, had to face a gigantic task, and to face it at the head of a service which is miserably undermanned. Complaints have, in one or two instances, been made of so-called shortcomings in the department that he controls, but they have been the outcome of profound ignorance as to real facts, and in no single case have they been justified—indeed, they have always been triumphantly refuted. The strain has been terrible, but in no detail has the medical service given way. Surely there is here a combination of science, of business capacity, of patriotic feeling, of profound sense of duty, which our nation should be proud to see in servants of the State. Surely it should not be ungrateful.

Blackwood's Magazine.

RELEASE.

When we have closed the sad, world-tired eyes,
 And clasped the hands above the pulseless breast,
 And stand in stricken silence crossed with sighs,
 In the dim chamber of untroubled rest—
 This is not Death, whose mystic lines invest
 The white-robed form with strange and stately grace,
 But the glad passing of our sometime guest
 To higher planes and realms of wider space.
 It is not Death's chill fingers that endow
 With unaccustomed beauty the still face,
 And crown with starry majesty the brow
 Late seamed with sorrows of our mortal race.
 Not Death, but Life, that, parting, leaves the trace
 Of new-found glory on its prison-place.

Chambers's Journal.

P. F. Slater.

JOHN ENGLAND'S OUTGOING.

XL

WANTED.—AN ATTORNEY-CLERKSHIP.

Joanie's hope that Mr. England would get an attorney clerkship did not meet with immediate fulfilment, a thing which surprised Joanie less than it did Mr. England.

In a rather long life it had rarely happened to Joanie Pickersgill to have his hopes meet with immediate fulfilment; on the other hand, John England, in a life of three and twenty years, had met with few disappointments, and was so little inured to being thwarted, that when a fortnight passed and he found himself still unemployed, his state of mind became parlous.

John had taken the usual steps to obtain the clerkship which he desired—they were, in the main, the steps which are still taken—and when nothing came of this procedure, he concluded that an attorney clerkship was not to be had. Joanie, more practical, decided that the thing now to be done was to take other steps, and as the one which primarily recommended itself to him was, he knew, one which would not commend itself to John England, he took it on his own responsibility.

Possessing himself of a specimen of John's handwriting, Joanie determined to call on every attorney in Croydon, and on every attorney within a ten-mile radius north, south, east and west of Croydon. He calculated that a deputy application of this sort, carried through on a large scale, might effect more than John had effected by direct application on a much smaller scale. He did not quite count the costs of the thing, because he had never done any-

thing in precisely the same style before, but when they turned out to be heavy he lost little of his cheerfulness, for he had not to pay them with hard cash. He would have parted with hard cash for John England, but he preferred to part with other things.

When he had called on some hundred attorneys, Joanie found upon reflection that the reception accorded to him by these gentlemen had been of three kinds, and he decided forthwith that the profession of an attorney is adopted by men of three types—the buffoonish, the phlegmatic, and the choleric.

This opinion was in so far justified, as Joanie, in his capacity of deputy-applicant for the post of clerk, had been received sometimes with sarcastic amusement, more often with chilling indifference, and most often with anger. He had on no less than three occasions been ejected with what was little short of violence, this affording him a peculiar gratification from a belief that gentlemen so heady would, in all probability, quarrel with their clerks, to fill whose place they might be glad to engage the writer of so fair a hand as Mr. England. In every case Joanie was careful to leave behind him Mr. England's address, which he localized as the house next to the Independent Chapel in Pound Street, Croydon. In the case of the sarcastically-amused, he took occasion to mention this address gravely at parting; in the case of the phlegmatic, he mentioned it civilly in mid-interview; and in the case of the choleric, by whom he was usually dismissed with a volley of invective, he contrived to mention it at the last in a tone pitched just one note higher than that used by the other party.

It is only fair to say here that the

choleric reception so largely accorded to Joanie was not altogether without some justification. While strictly honest, Joanie had the appearance of a person who might properly be viewed with suspicion; his face was not an index to his good qualities, his dress was bewildering and his insistence and irritability were, in a high degree, annoying. Another point must here be mentioned. Not being a man of ready speech, Joanie had laboriously composed and committed to memory an harangue which, in itself extremely diffuse and incoherent, was rendered the more incomprehensible by being recited in a voice which was modelled on that employed by tenth-rate cathedral guides.

Having begun this recitative, Joanie went through with it without punctuation, and regardless of consequences, apparently under the impression that the sarcastic, the indifferent, and the choleric would, all alike, in after moments, the probability was, recall the sweet reasonableness of it. This happened in no single instance, but another thing happened which justified Joanie in his methods.

When he had called upon over a hundred attorneys, taking them as they came on the road which he happened to make his beat for the day, Joanie secured from one a courteous hearing. This worthy, who hailed from Joanie's own county, listened to the harangue without interruption; then, addressing the odd-faced, oddly-clad old countryman in his own Yorkshire dialect, desired him to make a plain statement of facts.

In the conversation which followed, Joanie managed to put fairly clearly the case of John England, and in the sequel he found himself homeward bound with cheering news.

Mr. Elwes was not himself in need of a clerk, but believed that he knew of an attorney who was in immediate

need of one. This was Joanie's cheering news.

A week later, John England was appointed clerk to Mr. Elwes's friend.

This was the piece of high good fortune which heartened him to write again to Penelope. He deferred doing this till he should have good news to tell her, and only as he set about writing to her realized that, having written two letters in one week, he had observed silence through more than six weeks, for it was more than six weeks since he had found himself at Grantham in a condition which necessitated his making a sojourn there.

Unwilling to detail the course which events had taken since that day, John, as has already been set forth, wrote a brief, cheerful letter, inferentially attributing to business pressure a silence the true cause of which was not business pressure.

Having despatched that letter, he waited, with a joyful heart, for the reply to it.

Joanie, the while, watched his master's daily going forth with a look happy and unhappy. He was happy to see no longer in John England's face the expression of fierce despair that had come to it when, after the usual steps having been taken to procure a clerkship, no clerkship had been procured. On the other hand, it did not consort with his notions of the fit that young Mr. England of Bucklands should embark on a life of all work and no play; and when, after some ten days given to his new occupation, Joanie observed young Mr. England to wear anew a rueful countenance, he jumped to the conclusion that the life of a quill-driver was killing this gentleman.

In actual fact, John England was in good bodily case, but was plunged into sorrow by receiving a curt, cold letter from Penelope.

Reading this letter, John reflected

that the writer of it had probably conferred with Alce, and had, at her instigation, taken this altered tone towards him. He indulged in a number of other hypotheses no less terrible and no less sad, his ingenious working out of which gave to him an appearance which day by day became more lamentable, with the result that Joanie experienced no small anxiety on his account, and was gravely casting in his thoughts what should be done, when an event took place which he decided would restore John England's cheerfulness.

XII.

AN ADDITION TO THE HOUSEHOLD PARTY.

Before its being set forth what the event was which Joanie regarded as calculated to re-establish the cheerfulness of John, it must be said that Joanie did not suspect the real cause of John's distress. He was aware that John had quitted his home because of a disagreement with his father on the subject of marriage; but whereas Jasper England—very sensibly, Joanie thought—desired his son to marry a young lady of fortune, the said son, with singular wrongheadedness, favored a young lady with no fortune whatever.

Joanie, who was warmly attached to the family of Jasper England, was especially attached to the eldest son, as he signally proved by following him into exile; but Joanie, who thus showed that he had an utopian strain in himself, did not approve of John's utopianism in wooing. For this reason, while he believed John to be in regular correspondence with Alce, he never reverted to that young lady. He took it for granted that she was duly grateful for the singular devotion of her lover. That no word had passed be-

tween her and him was not a thing that Joanie could divine. Lovers' quarrels he had heard of, but that lovers parted by two hundred miles of roadway could be quarrelling he did not dream; still less did he dream that a strained relation, not originating in a downright quarrel, could arise between such persons.

On the other hand, Joanie thought it not impossible that John, accustomed to a life led largely in the open air, found the change to office work unbearable, and the insipidities of a young lady's letters insufficient to make good to him in the long run all that he had resigned.

Having come to this conclusion, he took soundings as to whether John, on the principle that second thoughts are best, was inclined to go back upon the decision which had led to his eviction from Bucklands. John gave him to understand that such was not the case, and Joanie, if the truth is to be told, was not so angry at the young man's obstinacy that he did not rejoice exceedingly to find himself in a position to convey to him what he deemed most delectable news.

"Sir," he said, presenting himself at the door of John's sleeping-room one morning, some hour before the time at which he usually presented himself there.

John did not stir. This was not that he did not hear Joanie, or that he was aware that Joanie was earlier than usual. He slept lightly, but this circumstance made him no more willing to leave his bed, wherefore he habitually let Joanie call him several times in succession.

After the usual lapse of time he sat up with the deeply-injured look with which the greater part of humanity meets the morning call to rise. It changed to one of strong surprise as he observed that Joanie's expression was not his ordinary one of apologetic in-

sistence. Mere words are insufficient to describe it. Suffice it to say, that John sprang from his bed with the alacrity which the greatest of sluggards develops when the revêlle is "House afire!"

Joanie, having roused his man, led the way to a garret, the sole occupant of which was ordinarily Sweetlips, who now shared it with six pups.

"You have there, sir, a moderate pack," Joanie said, laconically.

The hour was early, and the air was chill; John had not sluiced the sleep out of his eyes, and was clad in one light garment only. These circumstances contain the all of excuse that can be made for the manner in which he met the well-meant but scarcely well-timed intimation of Joanie.

With an interjection of the class ignored by all the best grammarians in their chapters on that particle, he vouchsafed not even a look at the really handsome family of Sweetlips, but returned whither he had come, and anew enveloped himself in the bed-clothes.

When, an hour later, Joanie reappeared on his thankless errand, and, by a steady recitative, again induced his master to sit up, there was in his face only its wonted look, a trifle modified by pardonable resentment, for Joanie's intention had been infinitely kind, and John's treatment of him had been, to put the matter most mildly, singularly inappreciative.

Upon reflection, John himself felt conscience-pricks, and he took occasion to make peace with Joanie before setting out upon his daily work. He did not put on sackcloth and ashes—a proceeding on his part which would have greatly embarrassed Joanie—but he said, in a tone under the banter in which there was something which was not banter:

"Shall we to-morrow, Joanie, go a-hunting?"

"This is your jest, sir," Joanie said, gravely, "but you will allow that six pups make a moderate pack."

John stroked his chin, and said, thoughtfully:

"I will allow, Joanie, that these six pups may become a source of profit, if not of amusement, to me, for my hunting days are at an end, but hereabout there are many gentlemen who will not stick to purchase Sweetlips's offspring."

Joanie fairly snorted.

John smiled ruefully, and then he added:

"How, Joanie, do you think that my small stipend should suffice these hungry mouths?"

"For that, sir, I have found a way," Joanie replied, quietly; "which is, that after the time you owe Mr. Skiffin"—he named the lawyer in whose employ John was—"you shall act as accountant for a butcher, my friend, who will pay you, it is agreed, in offal."

The words in this speech which most struck John he repeated in a voice the irony in which was too fine for it to take effect upon Joanie.

"It is—agreed!" John said.

"Ay, sir, an' please you," Joanie replied, on a note held finely steady, in view of the fact that the speaker was comprehensively proud that he had arranged this matter so early. He had, it subsequently transpired, held a conference with his friend, the butcher, prior to first waking John, whose anxiety anent ways and means in the case of so many more mouths to feed he had foreseen.

The one-time heir of Bucklands had had to sing small in many ways since carrying out his plan of self-support. A time had been when he had not dreamed that he should ever be an attorney's clerk—that time had passed; but the time had not yet come at which he could face with equanimity the prospect of becoming a butcher's accountant. With a burst of joyless

laughter he set out for Mr. Skiffin's office.

Joanie looked after him with a philosophic expression. Young gentlemen, as Joanie knew them, were subject to these paroxysms. He reckoned that John, naturally phlegmatic, would be soon restored to calm, and he did not reckon wrong.

Perhaps a long morning walk, taken alone, is as good a sedative to passion as could be devised, and perhaps there is nothing more calculated to overcome pride and prejudice than the spectacle presented by a city at that hour at which the tollers set out on their march, and are vested with the dignity which clothes all pioneers. Be that as it may, John, as he footed it to Mr. Skiffin's office, fell to reflecting that a poor gentleman, who drove the quill as an attorney's clerk, and retained his self-respect, might e'en make up a butcher's accounts and not forfeit that precious thing.

This was a notable reflection to be made on his walk by one John England in days by much anterior to those in which a certain Thomas Carlyle was to set forth that all work is noble.

Having remodelled an opinion on whatsoever subject, it was an easy thing to John, by reason of a gracious simplicity native to his character, to confess having done so; wherefore, he said without paltering, on his return home, that he had remodelled his opinion anent acting as accountant to Joanie's friend, the butcher, and was minded to accept the exchange proposed.

Thus it was that the way found by Joanie to feed certain hungry mouths was followed, and the pups of Sweetlips were not carried to market.

As time and training—and Joanie was a past master in training—worked their wonders, another scheme ripened in the brain of John's faithful servitor.

Meanwhile time had been speeding.

XIII.

AFTER THREE YEARS.

Three years of the life as an attorney's clerk did not fail to work certain changes in John England—late young squire of Bucklands.

His face lost something of its ruddy color and round contour, and what had always been a strong resemblance between him and his father was heightened by a straightness of line in brow and lips which old age had brought to Jasper England, and which in John, at the age of six and twenty, was the result of a life devoted to uncongenial tasks, which were not rendered the easier of performance that the strained relations between him and the ladies of Bridlington became, with the lapse of years, not less strained, but more strained.

Penelope, who had not the gift of letter writing, wrote to John at intervals letters which entirely lacked the heartiness which characterized her speech—a fact in part due to the circumstance that the letters were written by the girl under protest from her grandmother and guardian.

Mrs. Steptoe was of belief that John, with time, would come to agree with his father on the subject of marriage. She reckoned that he would miss in London many good things to which he had become accustomed at Bucklands, and that the first acquaintance which he would there make with privation would incline him to look more favorably upon an union, the other party to which would be a girl with a great fortune. She desired to see her favorite granddaughter married to the heir of Bucklands, for whom she had a strong affection, and she confidently counted on this marriage taking place when John should *return to his duty*. In the interim she discouraged Penelope from corresponding with the exile.

When three years passed, and John still showed no disposition to come to terms with his father, but gave it to be understood that he regarded Croydon as his home, Mrs. Steptoe was the less inclined to take a lenient view of his persistent opposition to parental wishes that Penelope, who was not to be induced to cease corresponding with him, presented the appearance of a lady most dejected and wretched, whereas Alce, so far from moping, made herself the subject of large comment by developing a gaiety formerly foreign to her manner.

That Penelope's dejection, while very real, had no connection with John, and that Alce's gaiety, which had connection with John, was entirely assumed to hide pique that the man who had undergone exile for her had, by his own account, made himself a home which he showed no intention of asking her to share, nobody in the environment of these two ladies divined.

Certain persons, the while, made it their business to have it conveyed to John that the sweet gravity which he had admired in Alce no longer distinguished her, but that, contrariwise, she formed the foil to a sweetly-grave Penelope.

John, who was not in a prime degree interested in the psychological development of Penelope, but who was keenly interested in all that concerned Alce, pondered the change in the girl of his love, and interpreting it on lines unflattering to himself, found consolation, as he conceived, in other things.

Joanie also conceived that Mr. England, after having been subject off and on, through a period of three years, to acute fits of sentimental melancholy, at the end of the time found himself cured of love, and, unwilling alike to wed rich girl or poor girl, was minded to continue his unmolested life of a bachelor at Croydon.

Joanie had done what in him lay to make that life not wholly devoid of all

that had given zest to life at Bucklands, and he was still, at the end of three years, toiling with this aim in view.

It has been said that the house in Pound Street, which became the home of John England, on his taking up his abode in Croydon, was not rented by him. What the terms of Joanie's lease were has not transpired, but it has transpired that Joanie kept hounds in the garret of that house and a hunter in the cellar of it, facts¹ which should supply valuable material to the student of municipal government as it was and is; for Pound Street, with its new name of George Street, still forms a part of Croydon town, and, doubtless, still offers home to various domestic animals; howbeit, such is the prejudice of modern landlords in favor of the living-out system for hounds and horses, that it is not to be believed that in the length and breadth of George Street, Croydon, of to-day there is a tenant who could, if he would, keep hounds in his garret and a hunter in his cellar as Joanie did, though the suspicion lies near that, had he been so minded, he could have negotiated for the lodging of his master's hunter and hounds in the yards and open spaces common at the time.

The fact that he did not do so finds the all of explanation that can be hazarded regarding it in three things. The penuriousness of Joanie, which caused him to discountenance the slightest outlay which could, by any contrivance, be avoided; the pride of John, who would not have accepted stabling and kennelling without paying for them; and the rough-and-ready, live-and-let-live spirit of the age, which made it possible for a gentleman to follow a course of action which in these days of vaunted freedom of the subject would evoke loud protest.

As events actually took their course,

¹ Yes, "facts," incredulous reader, not fiction.

Joanie, having kennelled his master's hounds as pleased him, giving to them the attics of the house, where they made day and night musical in a manner that did not vex the spirit, still less disturb the slumbers of John and his neighbors, proceeded to take measures for the stabling of a hunter. In this matter, as in the other, the old man was subjected to nobody's inquisition but his master's.

"Joanie," so that person, after three years' residence in Croydon, one day exclaimed, "why are you turned mason?"

The question had reference to Joanie's appearance, which suggested that his desire was to present Wall on the lines laid down by Bottom, the weaver, wherefore he had some plaster and some loam and some rough-cast about him.

Joanie explained that he was carrying out a few masonic operations with a view to fitting up his cellar as a stable, more especially under those aspects which would facilitate entrance and egress on the part of an animal not favoring a winding stair.

John demurred that, as no such animal was possessed by either Joanie or himself, there seemed no need for stabling accommodation. To this the answer, marked by a civility of intonation which made good the hardihood of the statement, was that in this matter Joanie held a different opinion, it seeming to him an imperative necessity that the fitting-up of a stable should precede the purchase of a hunter.

John smiled. He had of set purpose ignored the fact that, under his very eyes, Joanie had been raising a pack of hounds from the small beginning of three years before, and that by exchanges and drafts from other packs he had now got together a small, but very respectable, pack of his own.

That, having done this, Joanie should calmly give out that the time had come

to purchase a hunter was quite in keeping with his character, and John was not immeasurably surprised; moreover, by careful management of his salary, he was in possession of money which would enable him to make the purchase suggested. The single outlay would be possible, but the ever-recurring expense that would be entailed by feeding a horse was a matter which he contemplated with less cheerfulness.

John communicated his scruples on the score to Joanie, and learnt from him that the choice between two alternatives was open to him: the one, to accept, as a bounty, "the grains" (so Joanie phrased it) from a neighboring brew-house; the other, to accept, in lieu of payment in money, payment in damaged corn, with which he would be supplied by a corn-chandler, whose books he would undertake to keep in order.

Three years of life in Pound Street had accustomed John, in a great measure, to transactions of a kind with which he had not had acquaintance at Bucklands, and he listened tranquilly to Joanie. Then he expressed himself as inclining rather to accept the damaged corn as payment than the grains as bounty.

Joanie sighed, but there was resignation in his sigh; for he had expected John to express himself to this effect. Your high-fliers are made this way.

The hunter was subsequently purchased, and once or twice a week during the season—at this time at its height—John hunted.

In a document, still extant, it is set forth that, by giving a hare now and again to the farmers over whose grounds he sported, John England secured their goodwill and permission; besides which, several gentlemen, struck with the extraordinary spirit and contrivance of this uncommon character, winked at his going over their manors with his little pack.

It is not in the said document set

forth whether it was by special arrangement with the attorney in whose employ he was as clerk that John England contrived to go once or twice a week a-hunting, or whether in so doing he was availing himself of a privilege extended generally to clerks.

Howsoever that be, the fact is that John England combined the calling of

quill-driver and huntsman, and presented to the world a front so undis-mayed that, had not Parson about this time elected to ride to London on his hobby to take himself the bearings of his brother's case, the later course of the story of the rightful heir of Bucklands might have been less lovely and pleasant than it was.

The Leisure Hour.

Elsa D'Esterre-Keeling.

(To be continued.)

STRAY NOTES ON COLOR IN RELATION TO TEMPERATURE.

"Ferry, ye ho!" with a long-drawn accent on the last syllable of "Ferree" that makes the sound travel across the water. That's a golfer who wants his lunch, and, by the same token, I ought to want mine, too, but when I spend much time out of doors the fresh air feeds me.

I have been watching the river and all that belongs to it for the last two hours, and by the help of palette and sketch-box I have been making notes of an old black barge that has seen its last days of service on the water and now lies wearily on the sand, like some old sea monster tired of its life. When I began my notes the barge was high and dry, the delicately-colored sand lay in golden heaps around it on the sunny side, and a great cool shadow rested like silence on the leeward of the boat. The sand was everywhere, but for one little pool shaped like a half-moon, and this had been left by a former tide for the sky to look down into, for a stray shore crab to bathe in, and for me to make note of.

I had put the barge into my sketch, a blue-black note, I had touched it round with the sands, pale gold against black, I had thought of introducing the mill that stands across the water, with the

white walls of the coastguard's cottage close at hand, when there came a very light sound like a little laugh, something between a laugh and a whisper, and there was the incoming tide blotting out my golden sand and racing round my barge—*my* barge, I had begun to know it and be attached to it—and there was the hulk, that looked so solid and immovable, being slowly lifted up by the tide; the purple shadow in the sand was gone, and a grayish-yellow wash of water played about where the shadow had been, and my poor notes were in disorder.

Hang the tide!

"Ferree!"

By all means. I'll shut up my box and join the hungry golfer in his quest for lunch.

There is a little group of people waiting for the ferry-boat on the sloping shelf of a stone-path. Two middle-aged golfers in tweed suits, two ladies also middle-aged and spectacled, one youth with a fowling piece, an old muzzle-loader. As the ferryman creeps near us with his boat, the middle-aged ladies interview the gunner, who, in addition to his gun, carries a dead bird, which he has just shot above the golf links near the sea. The bird is a little

ringed plover. Its leg is broken, and its white breast is stained with blood. I heard a couple of shots fired when I was making my sketch.

Now I know their meaning. The young gunner is a little proud of his bag. He has achieved something this fine autumn morning in having brought down this poor little harmless wanderer of the sands and marshes. He has "shot a fine shoot." Well, but this incident of the ringed plover leads me to a subject which has given me some weeks of thought. Let us consider the bird for a moment. He has a black head with brown upper wings and back, but his neck, breast, and under parts are snowy white, with one dark band beneath his throat. Why has Nature made this arrangement in black and white? What is the meaning of the white breast and white underwings? Is the white to give the gunner a better aim? No; that would be too unkind. Is it there for the bird to use as a signal for his mate, to warn him against danger by sea or land?

Perhaps. Or may the white be a protection from cold and damp? The white can be used as a danger signal or a call to the bird's fellows, but I am much disposed to think that it can be looked upon as a protection against cold.

But why? Have we not always thought that white was associated with the comfort of coolness? A white waistcoat, a white shirt, to the sufferer from summer heat: are not these the justly-quoted and appropriate accessories? Are not dark clothes winter comforts for humanity? We all have cherished these beliefs for many years, and we may cherish them still without hurting anybody's feelings greatly, for there seems a sense of fitness in the white waistcoat for summer wear, and in the dark-dyed woollen coat for winter. But here creeps in the doubt. Why is it that the dwellers in the North

Pole, such as birds, foxes, bears, wear white clothes? Is the heat so oppressive in the Arctic regions that Nature supplies most of them with white waistcoats, and many of them with white overalls?

The eager scientist whispers in my ear, "Why, don't you know that it is for protection against their enemies, so that the color of their coats shall match their surroundings?"

Admitted that this is the case; but pray from whom does the polar bear seek to hide himself? Does he fear the fox, or seal, or bird of prey even? I think not; therefore we must not allow this argument to hold good in his case. Coming back to the plover's white breast, I have noted that nearly all the waders, and all the birds that migrate to the colder parts of the globe, have a covering of white, mystic, "wonderful," not always on the back and upper wings, but invariably on the chest and abdomen. Take the gulls and the terns; they are dressed in white, and a tender note of gray. The penguins have white on the breast and abdomen, though the back is dark.

Our woodbirds, our songsters, are dressed in brown, gray, or green. Take the pheasants, who are true perchers; they have no white on the breast, just a touch of white sometimes about the neck, showing a hybrid strain. Take the partridge, our fixed resident; he has no white about him, nor yet the grouse; but go farther north, and then the ptarmigan, whose home is in the snow, he changes with the changing season, and shows a white breast to the cold north sky. Note that even the rabbit and the hare in this country have white underclothing. They want warmth to protect themselves against the cold, damp ground.

Is not this the meaning of the color white as a protection against cold?

But some one may object, "Can you prove that white is warm?"

Partly, by analogy.

First of all, white hair is hair devoid of pigment. In the hair-shaft bubbles of air have taken the place of pigment. The air, once warmed by the animal's body, allows less heat to be conducted away, and so lost for protection. As in the matter of clothes, they do not warm the body, but it is the body which generates the heat that warms the clothes; they simply prevent too rapid loss of heat by being bad conductors.

This puts me in mind of the sketch in Punch where a gentleman complains to the waiter that he has brought him his chop on a cold plate. The waiter's reply is apt and almost scientific:

"Oh, never mind, sir; the chop'll warm up the plate nicely!"

And furthermore, some of the birds that migrate north have a warmer-colored summer plumage which changes to white when the winter sets in. Surely if the plumage of darker hue possessed a greater heat-giving capacity, then Nature would clothe her feathered children of the north in dark dress.

On the other hand, if we take the trouble to look carefully at the plumage of those birds who live in warm climates, we shall find that white is a rare color, and that black, brown, dark-green, dark-blue, with touches of brilliant emerald-green, red and yellow are more usually met with. I have found white amongst the humming-birds, but these little marvels clothe themselves with the rainbow as a rule; they put on white to give themselves more of a *distingué* air, I suppose.

There are some exceptions to these colors of warm climate birds: for instance, we have the flamingoes, "with wings of gentle flush on delicate white," the bell-bird of America, the storks which migrate from Holland to South Africa for the winter. And there are also a few exceptions of birds who live in or migrate to the Arctic zone having dark plumage.

The northern diver is black with small white markings, but he has a distinct winter and summer dress; there is a black duck who breeds in the Arctic zone, and the Scoter is black all over.

At any rate, a visit to the Natural History Museum at South Kensington would guide the inquirer on this subject, and might possibly do much to confirm my opinion as to white plumage being a protection to birds against cold.

Now I have been gradually led to think about the color white in its relation to warmth by having noticed, many years ago, that roses had different temperatures according to their color. It was somewhat in this way. I was dining at a friend's house; it was in summer; on the table in front of each guest had been thoughtfully placed a single rose in a glass. The evening was warm, and a curious instinct led me, I suppose, to smell something that looked cool and should be fragrant. I took up my own special rose for this purpose. It was fragrant, it was cool; like a well-advertised cocoa, it was "grateful," it was "comforting." I asked my neighbor on my left hand to let me smell her rose. Whether this request was made in the sacred interests of science or for mere curiosity's sake I cannot rightly tell, but "This flower is warm," said I to my fair neighbor. She replied, "The warmth of the room would account for that." I thought differently. If the warmth of the room could affect one rose it should naturally affect another within a few inches distance from it. The short discussion ended in a kind of game of floral family coach, where all the roses changed places and all were tested by smell; but this is not one of the accessories of the game, I believe, and it also ended in a general consensus of opinion as to tea roses having a different temperature from the red

roses. My rose was a tea rose, a Gloire de Dijon, my neighbor's rose was a Duke of Edinburgh, a red rose. The rest of the guests had tea roses placed before them, represented by Gloire de Dijon, Maréchal Niel, and the honored blooms of Xavier-Olivo, the Duke of Edinburgh, Cheshunt—hybrid glowed in varying tones of red.

But it was not till some months after this color tournament that I noticed that white roses were apparently warm to the nostrils—at least, they did not give the sensation of coldness. Time went on. I was asked to give a lecture on the subject of the scent of flowers, before the Mid-Kent Scientific and Philosophical Society; the subject of the temperature of flowers was to have been discussed, but the lecture was never given. The scientific side of the question somewhat alarmed me, and I waited a few more years before science, in the person of Professor Babington, of Cambridge, made me feel that, after all, I was on safe ground. Whilst on a visit to some friends in Cambridge, I had occasion to call on Mrs. Babington; it was my good fortune to see her distinguished husband. It is needless to say that I buttonholed the Professor on my temperature of flowers theory. He demurred as to the scent of flowers giving a sensation of coldness or warmth, for he knew that individuals differed so much in their sense of smell. I explained that the scent of flowers had not everything to do with the sensation of coldness or warmth, but that if the cheek of an observer were touched with the petals of various flowers, the surface nerves would convey the impression of coldness or warmth to the observer's brain, and he would be able to distinguish the touch of a tea rose from that of a red rose blindfold.

The Professor smiled on me kindly, but shook his head sceptically. On the following day, however, he changed his

mind, when I brought him a bunch of different colored chrysanthemums, and asked him to touch his cheek with a red one first and then a yellow one, and to tell me whether he could distinguish any marked difference of temperature between them. He did so, and, after a few cheek-touchings, by way of test, came joyfully over to my opinion. As Professor of Botany he must have made numerous observations on flowers, but this, at least, was new to him.

Having noted the temperature of many flowers against my cheek since then, I have come to the conclusion that dark reds and browns give the sensation of the greatest warmth, that lemon-yellow is the coldest color, that delicate pink holds a middle place between dark-red and white, and that white is distinctly warmer than violet, blue, or yellow, and therefore that white is a warm color.

After having made a series of tests with flowers, I made some also with fruit, and being guided by the impression, that yellow was a cold color, and that dark brown was warm, I found that green grapes and greenish yellow grapes were colder than dark ones, and that green and yellow gooseberries were colder than dark gooseberries. We may note, by the way, that some kinds of dark gooseberries have a skin that is rough with hairs; this condition, which is found in the chrysanthemum leaf, favors warmth. It may be pure fancy on my part, but I think a lemon has a colder surface than an orange or a dark grape. A strawberry, though it contains a good quantity of water in its fragrant pulp, does not, to my sense, feel so cold to the touch as a grape or lemon. Is this possibly due to the red color of the strawberry and to the seeds and hair-like processes with which it is provided? It may be so. On the other hand, the banana with its yellow skin, and also its green skin, is distinctly cold to the touch, though the

fruit itself contains but little water, the moisture and pigment being deposited chiefly in the skin.

Can we fairly assume that where Nature has placed a good supply of yellow pigment cells in fruit or flower, there also has she stored water in abundance close at hand? Is not a yellow-skinned melon one of the coolest fruits that can be touched? It is brimful of water, and its pigment cells are charged with yellow.

Whilst making my tests on the temperature of flowers, I have found that the petals of a flower appear to be of a different temperature from that of the leaves and stem. In the case of the chrysanthemum the leaf is warmer to the touch than the petal; in the case of plants that grow in damp, marshy ground, the stem and leaf are colder than the flower petal. I have also noted that, to make the tests carefully, freshly-cut flowers should be used, or they should be touched when growing on the plant or tree, for this reason: the fresh-cut flowers hold moisture in their leaves and petals, but if the same flowers are allowed to wither and get dry, the leaves and petals take the temperature of their surroundings. I conclude, therefore, that those petals which are coldest to the touch contain most water, and it will be found that the leaves of plants which have a rough or hairy surface are warmer than the petals of the same plant. Another point of interest lies in the fact that the fresh-growing plant will answer to the test in a warm room or conservatory indoors, or in the cold air of the garden out of doors. I come, therefore, to the conclusion that, in the case of fruit and flowers, radiation and absorption of heat is governed largely by the water supply present in the leaves and petals of flowers, in the skins and pulp of fruit, and that their water supply is in some measure associated with the

particular color that happens to be present.

Having been greatly interested in the natural history of birds through the artistic work of my nephews, M. and E. Detmold, I could not help being struck with the fact that white was a common color with Arctic birds and animals, and the white roses of my early flower experiments came obligingly to my help, and have made me venture to say in this paper that white plumage in birds and white hair in animals are protective against cold.

I will quote here a paragraph from Mr. Poulton's most interesting work on "The Colors of Animals," and, as far as my reading has taken me, this is the only place where the color white has been looked upon as having a true physiological value. Mr. Poulton touches on the subject of white plumage, white hair having a relation to temperature. He makes reference to Lord Walsingham's presidential address to the Yorkshire Naturalists' Union in 1885. The following statement occurs in the address:

"Birds and animals living through the winter naturally require to retain in their bodies a sufficient amount of heat to enable them to maintain their existence, with unreduced vitality, against the severities of the climate. Insects, on the contrary, require rapidly to take advantage of transient gleams of sunshine during the short summer season, and may be content to sink into a dormant condition so soon as they have secured the reproduction of their species; only to be revived in some instances by a return of exceptionally-favorable conditions."

I mentioned in the earlier part of my paper that one could test the temperature of flowers blindfold, and I have often made the test on my own cheeks; but I have been able to prove the truth of my assertion, for, through the kindness of Dr. Campbell, the president of

the Normal College for the Blind at Norwood, I made my temperature test with some chrysanthemums on some blind students at Norwood, and I received the answers to my questions that I expected, namely, that the students felt a distinct difference in temperature between a yellow chrysanthemum and a dark one. It was an interesting half-hour, for I began my tests with Dr. Campbell himself, and, as he wished to give his evidence as intelligently as possible, there was a little apology on his part before the test was made as to his not quite knowing my wishes on the subject. I therefore asked him to simply tell me what he felt when his cheek was touched with flower No. 1, and what he felt when it was touched with flower No. 2—namely, whether one flower felt warmer or colder than the other.

I received for answer that the first flower used felt cooler than the second one; this was all I wanted. And then followed tests with some half-dozen students, who came to the same conclusions as Dr. Campbell; but, singularly enough, they did not jump to their answers as I should have expected, for the sense of touch is thought to be abnormally acute with the blind. Mrs. Campbell beat them all in quickness of decision; and I shall never forget the unerring rapidity of judgment shown by a lady the very morning I tested Professor Babington with the chrysanthemums. I explained to her that I believed certain flowers felt warm or cold, according to their color, and, put-

ting my nosegay on the table in a promiscuous mass, asked her to note any differences. I did not prepare her by saying that I considered yellow a cold color, but let her form her own conclusions. Each flower was picked up separately, held to the cheek for a second, and judgment given in another second.

Now I have given my reader an account of the faith that is in me with regard to the temperature of flowers, simply on the basis of experiments where the sense of touch gave judgment.

The scientific reader is naturally anxious to have more than a mere statement of mine, such as,—flowers varying in color from yellow to dark red have a temperature that corresponds to their color. He is asking now for a series of readings taken from a thermometer, that must speak the truth—scientific truth, at least, we know is found at Hatton Garden. I say I have not been able to get a suitable thermometer to make these thermal tests. Indeed, it is only the chrysanthemum with incurved petals that would allow of the test being made by an instrument. I offer my suggestions on this subject, not as scientific facts, but rather as toys to be used in the playground of science. After all, what is science? The outcome of numerous observations which have been made by clear-sighted people so often that they settle down into tradition and finally become law.

E. B. Shuldham.

Longman's Magazine.

THE NEW SHAN VAN VOCHT.*

"There's a storm upon the sea,
For the sky is leaden low;
And hark! how fierce and free
The thunders come and go!"

"The Poor Old Woman"—a cryptic name for Ireland. Pronounced Shan Van Vo.

The New Shan Van Vocht.

"There's no storm upon the sea,
And those thunders rolling free
Are our Queen's salute to Me,"
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

"And has Herself come o'er,
For who but you should know,
Her fixed time before,
O Shan Van Vocht?"
"Well, maybe then She's raced
To be with us in such haste
Just to show Her *gra* towards us,"
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

"And what word is that She whispers
In your ear soft and low,
And what is that She asks you for,
O Shan Van Vocht?"
"She but asks a shamrock spray
To wear upon Her way,
And upon Her heart She'll wear it
For the Shan Van Vocht.

"And She says She's thinking fondly
Of fifty years ago,
When first She came to visit
With the Shan Van Vocht;
She a young and happy bride
Her Beloved One at Her side,
—And got a *Cead Mille Failte*
From the high and from the low.

"But since the Widow's loss
Like myself She's had to know,
For the Crown She's took the Cross
With the Shan Van Vocht.
And Her tears are mixed with Mine
Before the Throne Divine
For the boys that for her sake
Are lying cold and low.

"So, my daughters and my sons,
When She rides down your row,
Sure, you won't be silent ones,
Only staring at the Show?
Ah! what call had I to fear it!
Och, that shout none e'er came near it!
How the Darlin' smiles to hear it,"
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

THE TEARS OF THE MUSES.

There was no muse of prose—but Herodotus, the first great prose writer of Greece, divided up his history among the sacred Nine, by way of modestly asserting that a perfect prose piece like his own had required for its perfection the inspiration of the whole sisterhood. And this gives us a hint that a battle lately waged, as to the true and proper merits of prose, is no more likely to end in victory for any one side, than a similar battle would as to the true and proper merits of poetry. While the Edinburgh Review very naturally looks to the performance of its own contributors—grammatical, sensible, lucid—as the *ne plus ultra* of the art, Mr. Charles Whibley, who has done so much to revive an interest in the Tudor translators, as naturally prefers something a little more picturesque in vocabulary, a little more elaborate in syntax, and a little less timid in trope. Those of us who do not theorize, and who cannot write, but are diligent and avid readers, may be disposed to think that style is very much a matter of eyesight, physical or imaginative, that a man can describe as much of a thing as he sees and no more, and that if one man's page has more color in it than another's, it is because his retina is more sensitive to color. Similarly for a man's thoughts. If he thinks, not as an individual, but as a member of some class or party, he will inevitably employ the traditional phrases in which the common ideas are clothed; but if he is an original, much more if he is an eccentric, like Sir Thomas Browne, or Charles Lamb, or Walter Pater, he will not even know the traditional phrases, but will have to shape his thoughts as best he may in any vocabulary he can get together; and his

rhythm will depend partly, of course, upon his choice of models and the delicacy of his ear, but also to a great extent upon whether he thinks rapidly, and can foresee his conclusion through a long array of subordinate clauses, or whether his ore has to be smelted seven times in the fire. I had a friend once who, if you suggested in argument any proposition, would, as likely as not, reply: "True, but against that there are these ten things to be considered"—which he would proceed to enumerate with the precision of a catalogue. Needless to say, his written style, not unfamiliar to the public which reads newspapers, was of that classical and periodic structure whose end is known from the beginning, and the advance towards it made, not with tentative skirmishes, but in Lord Methuen's manner of attack—full front, and in column formation.

At the head of this conference I have written the familiar title of "The Tears of the Muses;" but I wish to employ it in the collective sense I have indicated for the tears of the whole college over certain prose writers, whose deaths, coming hard one upon another, have added a gloom to the gloomiest January in the memory of those born since the Crimea. Mr. Ruskin, it is true, the greatest of the four, had long been a ghost; but the actual passing of the last of the prophets could not but win a moment's tribute of respect even from the young England that had ceased to believe in him. "My father, my father, the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof." Mr. Blackmore also had done his work; but as long as he lived there was always hope that the hand that wrote "Lorna Doone," however "mattock-hardened,"

would again resume its cunning. Mr. Dixon, on the contrary, was in the middle of his task, and at the height of his powers, and only at the beginning of his recognition. When the Laureateship was vacant and candidates were vying with each other in odes for the morning press, some one told me with great glee that he or his neighbor (I forget which) had met Mr. Swinburne on Putney Common, who had said oracularly, "They should appoint Canon Dixon," and passed on without explaining himself. I told my informant that I thought Dixon wasn't the man for the place; but I quite saw what Mr. Swinburne meant—namely, that Dixon had a skill in ode-building which certainly none of the competitors could pretend to. My informant, one of those omniscient people who will never confess to ignorance or own a blunder, said "Quite so;" but I fear, from the vivacity with which he told the tale, he had thought that Mr. Swinburne was making a cheap jest at the Church of England. So, again, I shall not easily forget the astonishment in Oxford when Mr. Dixon proposed himself as a candidate for the Professorship of Poetry at the time when Mr. Palgrave was appointed (1885). Oxford's satirist, the inimitable Mr. Godley, at once put his name into the concluding spondee of an hexameter, where the gravity of his position might lend emphasis to its own significance:

nec tua Palgravius nec Sacri Carminis
 auctor
 quarto quoque die poscit suffragia
 Dixon.

It was not until last autumn that the University of Oxford, happening to take up Mr. Mackail's "Life of William Morris," to which Dixon had contributed fascinating reminiscences of his Oxford friend, recognized their quality and, turning to the four large volumes

of the "History of the Church of England" bearing Dixon's name, recognized in them the same quality, and gave him an honorary Doctor's degree. But Oxford cannot be blamed for its tardiness, seeing that the Church of England itself had not yet recognized Dixon, notwithstanding that its controversialists have long furnished themselves for war from his armory. If he had served the State as he had served his Church—but the character of the Church of England, as a nursing mother, has been written once for all by John Henry Newman. The fourth of our lost prose-writers calls for more tears than the rest, not because his achievement was greater (for it was far below theirs), but because his time was all before him. Mr. Steevens had powers that placed him easily at the head of the profession he adopted, but they would, undoubtedly, have carried him beyond special correspondence into work that need not have been ephemeral. He, too, like Ruskin, the "Oxford graduate," and Blackmore, a scholar of Exeter, and Dixon, scholar (afterwards honorary fellow) of Pembroke, owed his training to Oxford, for he was a scholar of Balliol; and, indeed, was in his year gazetted as *proxime* for the Hertford, the blue ribbon of the University in Latin scholarship.

In this Conference I propose to notice, in the writers I have mentioned, their several ways of using their pens to convey what they saw with their eyes, either actually or imaginatively. That many people use their eyes at all, and find anything to admire in natural landscape, they owe to Ruskin, who, under the guise of defending Turner's pictures, taught them to see in nature the form and the color that Turner had seen there and put upon his canvas. It is to this special pleader's necessity of insisting upon the Turneresqueness of nature that we must attribute the brilliant coloring of so many descriptive

passages in "Modern Painters." They are chosen deliberately for their color to open people's eyes. To this necessity is due also their partial failure. Ruskin wished to make his impression irresistible, to compel the purblind to see, and so he painted too much to the eye, instead of to the imagination. He accumulated detail upon the retina long after the optic nerves were exhausted. Hence, it is in the smaller pictures that his effects are most successful. What, for example, could exceed in beauty and in effect the following vignette of Murano?—

To the north, there is first the great cemetery wall, then the long stray buildings of Murano, and the island villages beyond, glittering in intense crystalline vermillion, *like so much jewellery scattered on a mirror*, their towers poised apparently in the air a little above the horizon, and their reflections, as sharp and vivid and substantial as themselves, thrown on the vacancy between them and the sea.

The effect of that description, it is hardly necessary to point out, depends largely upon the response of the imagination to the comparison with scattered jewels. Take for another example the well-known description of the Campagna in the Preface to the second edition of "Modern Painters:"—

Perhaps there is no more impressive scene on earth than the solitary extent of the Campagna of Rome under evening light. Let the reader imagine himself for a moment withdrawn from the sounds and motion of the living world, and sent forth alone into this wild and wasted plain. The earth yields and crumbles beneath his foot, tread he never so lightly, for its substance is white, hollow, and carious, like the dusty wreck of the bones of men. The long knotted grass waves and tosses feebly in the evening wind, and the shadows of its motion shake feverishly along the banks of ruin that lift them-

selves to the sunlight. Hillocks of mouldering earth heave around him, as if the dead beneath were struggling in their sleep; scattered blocks of black-stone, foursquare, remnants of mighty edifices, not one left upon another, lie upon them to keep them down. A dull purple poisonous haze stretches level along the desert, veiling its spectral wrecks of massy ruins, on whose rents the red light rests like dying fire on defiled altars. The blue ridge of the Alban mount lifts itself against a solemn space of green, clear, quiet sky. Watch-towers of dark clouds stand steadfastly along the promontories of the Apennines from the plain to the mountains. The shattered aqueducts, pier beyond pier, melt into the darkness, like shadowy and countless troops of funeral mourners passing from a nation's grave.

That is painting to the imagination. By the suggestion of a vast valley of the shadow full of the dead and yet not sacred to them, and by a reference to its scattered stones in the words of the curse upon Jerusalem, imagination comes to the aid of the purely physical picture, and makes an indelible impression. The only marks of weakness in the passage are the prominent and excessive alliterations, which give it a certain air of constraint, though each example taken alone might be defended. But now, consider a passage where the painting appeals merely to the eye—the famous color passage about Clouds at Sunset:—

We have been speaking hitherto of what is constant and necessary in nature, of the ordinary effects of daylight on ordinary colors, and we repeat again that no gorgeousness of the pallet can reach even these. But it is a widely different thing when nature herself takes a coloring fit, and does something extraordinary, something really to exhibit her power. She has a thousand ways and means of rising above herself, but incomparably the noblest manifestations of her capability

of color are those sunsets among the high clouds. I speak especially of the moment before the sun sinks when his light turns pure rose-color, and when this light falls upon a zenith covered with countless cloud-forms of inconceivable delicacy, threads and flakes of vapor, which would in common daylight be pure snow-white, and which give therefore fair field to the tone of light. There is then no limit to the multitude and no check to the intensity of the hues assumed. The whole sky from the zenith to the horizon becomes one molten mantling sea of color and fire; every black bar turns into massy gold, every ripple and wave into unsullied shadowless crimson and purple and scarlet, and colors for which there are no words in language and no ideas in the mind—things which can only be conceived while they are visible—the intense hollow blue of the upper sky melting through it all, showing here deep and pure and lightless, there modulated by the filmy formless body of the transparent vapor, till it is lost imperceptibly in its crimson and gold. (*Mod. P. 1. 2. 2.*)

As we read we are lost in wonder at the beauty of the rhythm. It is absolutely faultless except for the accident of the rhyme between "white" and "light." And the impression left on the mind is just the impression Ruskin intended—namely, that Nature is a superb colorist. But it conveys no picture to the eye, which was Ruskin's more immediate intention. Take again such a set piece as that in the chapter upon "The Nature of Gothic" in the "Stones of Venice," which attempts to answer the question why the architecture of the south of Europe differs from that of the north. Ruskin begins by suggesting a contrast in physical character between northern and southern countries.

We know (he says) the differences in detail, but we have not that broad glance and grasp which would enable us to feel them in their fulness. We

know that gentians grow on the Alps and olives on the Apennines; but we do not enough conceive for ourselves that variegated mosaic of the world's surface which a bird sees on its migration, that difference between the district of the gentian and of the olive which the stork and the swallow see far off, as they lean upon the sirocco wind. Let us, for a moment, try to raise ourselves even above the level of their flight, and imagine the Mediterranean lying beneath us like an irregular lake, and all its ancient promontories sleeping in the sun; here and there an angry spot of thunder, a gray stain of storm, moving upon the burning field, and here and there a fixed wreath of white volcano smoke, surrounded by its circle of ashes, but for the most part a great peacefulness of light; Syria and Greece, Italy and Spain, laid like pieces of a golden pavement into the sea-blue, chased, as we stoop nearer to them, with bossy beaten work of mountain chains, and glowing softly with terraced gardens, and flowers heavy with frank-incense, mixed among masses of laurel, and orange, and plummy palm that abate with their gray-green shadows. . . .

It is too much. The idea of a bird's-eye view of Europe was charming; so was the imagination of the golden promontories inlaid the hyaline; but to ask us to descend to earth again, just to get in the terraces and orange-trees, was an error in judgment, and it suggests the thought that if we are to notice the flowers through the whole breadth of Europe we shall be an unconscionable time on the journey; and, indeed, the eye is already bored, and wanders vaguely down the page and down the next, and refuses to go on with all that detail which it set out to avoid. And in this case it expressly misses nothing to the purpose, for the end of the journey is merely this reflection, admirably phrased, but requiring no more knowledge than the vague and all untravelling imagination could have compassed with its own resources:—

Let us watch him with reverence as he sets side by side the burning gems, and smoothes with soft sculpture the jasper pillars, that are to reflect a ceaseless sunshine, and rise into a cloudless sky, but not with less reverence let us stand by him when, with rough strength and hurried stroke, he smites an uncouth animation out of the rocks which he has torn from among the moss of the moorland, and heaves into the darkened air the pile of iron buttress and rugged wall, instinct with work of an imagination as wild and wayward as the northern sea, creatures of ungainly shape and rigid limb, but full of wolfish life; fierce as the winds that beat, and changeful as the clouds that shade them.

It seems to me that an examination of Ruskin's descriptive passages leads to some such conclusion as this—that when his imagination was touched he could paint a picture which at once conveyed itself to the reader's imagination and lived there, a permanent possession; but that he had not the art of painting to the eye. As a consequence, when he tried to do so he was apt to over-labor his work and become tedious. Ruskin, perhaps, was too much of an analyst to be able to reproduce the superficial appearances of things. Still, the least successful of his descriptive passages served the purpose of enforcing on the British public the fact that there was something in the world to see, if it would only open its eyes and look about. As some sort of commentary on the distinction made above, it may be interesting to refer to a curious, self-revealing passage at the beginning of the sixth chapter of "The Seven Lamps of Architecture."

It was springtime, too, and all were coming forth in clusters, crowded for very love; there was room enough for all, but they crushed their leaves into all manner of strange shapes only to be nearer each other. There was the wood-anemone star after star, closing

every now and then into nebulae; and there was the oxalis, troop by troop, like virginal processions of the Mols de Marie, the dark vertical clefts in the limestone choked up with them as with heavy snow, and touched with ivy on the edges—ivy as light and lovely as the vine; and ever and anon, a blue gush of violets, and cowslip bells in sunny places; and in the more open ground, the vetch and comfrey and mezereon, and the small sapphire buds of the Polygala Alpina, and the wild strawberry, just a blossom or two, all showered amidst the golden softness of deep, warm, amber-colored moss. I came out presently on the edge of the ravine; the solemn murmur of its waters rose suddenly from beneath, mixed with the singing of the thrushes among the pine boughs; and on the opposite side of the valley, walled all along as it was by gray cliffs of limestone, there was a hawk sailing slowly off their brow, touching them nearly with his wings and with the shadows of the pines flickering upon his plumage from above; but with the fall of a hundred fathoms under his breast, and the curling pools of the green river gliding and glittering dizzily beneath him, their foam globes moving with him as he flew. It would be difficult to conceive a scene less dependent upon any other interest than that of its own secluded and serious beauty; but the writer well remembers the sudden blankness and chill which were cast upon it, when he endeavored, in order more strictly to arrive at the source of its impressiveness, to imagine it, for a moment, a scene in some aboriginal forest of the new continent. The flowers in an instant lost their light, the river its music; the hills became oppressively desolate; a heaviness in the boughs of the darkened forest showed how much of their former power had been dependent upon a life which was not theirs, how much of the glory of the imperishable, or continually renewed, creation is reflected from things more precious in their memories than it, in its renewing. Those ever-springing flowers and ever-flowing streams had been dyed by the deep colors of human endurance, valor, and virtue, and the

crests of the sable hills that rose against the evening sky received a deeper worship, because their far shadows fell eastward over the iron wall of Joux, and the foursquare keep of Granson.

This Conference, if it is to keep within any reasonable bounds, must limit itself to the one point of description, but it is impossible to mention Mr. Ruskin's prose without confessing that it served many other and perhaps higher purposes. In its maturity it has been compared for flexibility and grace with Plato's Greek, and there can be no juster, as there can be no higher, praise; but it must be added that Ruskin could send through the grace and flexibility of his periods a prophetic intensity of passion to which Plato was a stranger; witness, for instance, the eloquent lay sermon called "The Mystery of Life and its Arts." In addition to this Greek lucidity and Hebrew earnestness he was the possessor of a very vigorous English turn for humor and sarcasm. The various courses of lectures, delivered as Slade Professor at Oxford, furnish abundant evidence. Everybody knows his picture of the Apollo of Syracuse cheek by jowl with the "self-made man;" his descriptions of the Thames Embankment and the Crystal Palace, and the story of the "little incident at Wallingford" ("Aratra Pentelici," lecture 3). Further, he had a mediæval love for mystical interpretation, which he was fond of exercising upon Shakespeare; see, for instance, an astounding passage in "Munera Pulveris" (chap. v), from which one sentence will be enough:—

Prospero ("for hope"), a true governor, is opposed to Sycorax, the mother of slavery, her name, *Swine-raven*, indicating at once brutality and deathfulness; hence the line:

As wicked dew as e'er my mother brushed, with *raven's feather*, etc.

Ariel is the spirit of generous and free-hearted service, in early stages of human society oppressed by ignorance and wild-tyranny; venting groans as fast as mill-wheels strike; in shipwreck of states dreadful, so that "all but mariners plunge in the brine and quit the vessel then all afire with *me*;" yet having in itself the will and sweetness of truest peace, whence that is especially called Ariel's song:

Come unto these yellow sands, and there *take hands*, etc., etc.

In reading this and similar passages it is fair to remember that Ruskin usually supplies, in other parts of his voluminous writings, the antidote to any occasional piece of folly; and, in regard to Shakespeare, such may be found in the fourth volume of "Modern Painters" (part v, chap. xx). Of his so-called socialism, which, perhaps, has proved the most widely-effective part of his vast and lifelong energy, I am not the person to speak; nor, remembering that "Unto this Last" was expelled from the pages of Cornhill by the outraged optimism of Mr. Thackeray, can this be held a fit place for the discussion. I pass on to the consideration of Mr. Blackmore as a literary artist; and I will say of him just one word—that while incomparably Mr. Ruskin's inferior in the handling of sentences, which he was inclined to write in far too lyrical a vein, he was yet a master of the art, which the other lacked, of painting to the eye. As I look out of the window at the narrow lane piled up on one side with the drifted snow, which the eddies of wind have hollowed into the most fantastic shapes, I ask myself, "Has Ruskin given us that?" I do not remember at this moment in Mr. Ruskin's writings any description of snow, except the following passage in "Modern Painters" (vol. 1, part 2):—

In the range of inorganic nature, I doubt if any object can be found more

perfectly beautiful than a fresh, deep snowdrift, seen under warm light. Its curves are of inconceivable perfection and changefulness; its surface and transparency alike exquisite; its light and shade of inexhaustible variety and infinite finish, the shadows sharp, pale, and of heavenly color, the reflected lights intense and multitudinous, and mingled with the sweet occurrences of transmitted light.

That is an analytical description which might well prepare a reader for seeing the beauty of the next snow-drift he came across, but it would not conjure up before his mind's eye the picture of any snowdrift in particular, or indeed in general. But put by the side of it this passage from the chapter on "The Great Winter" in "Lorna Doone":—

Behold there was no flock at all! None, I mean, to be seen anywhere; only at one corner of the field by the eastern end where the snow drove in a great white billow as high as a barn and as broad as a house. This great drift was rolling and curling beneath the violent blast, tufting and combing with rustling swirls, and carved (as in patterns of cornice) where the grooving chisel of the wind swept round. Ever and again, the tempest snatched little whiffs from the channelled edges, twirled them round, and made them dance over the chine of the monster pile, then let them lie like herring-bones, or the seams of sand where the tide had been. And all the while from the smothering sky, more and more fiercely at every blast, came the pelt-ing, pitiless arrows, winged with murky white, and pointed with the barbs of frost.

But although for people who had no sheep the sight was a very fine one (so far at least as the weather permitted any sight at all), yet for us with our flock beneath it this great moult had but little charm. Watch began to scratch at once, and to howl along the sides of it; he knew that his charge

was buried there, and his business taken from him. But we four men set to in earnest, digging with all our might and main, shovelling away at the great white pile, and fetching it into the meadow. Each man made for himself a cave, scooping at the *soft cold flux which slid upon him at every stroke*, and throwing it out behind him in piles of castled fancy. . . . But before we began again, I laid my head well into the chamber; and there I heard a faint "ma-a-ah" coming through some ells of snow, like a plaintive buried hope, or a last appeal. I shouted aloud to cheer him up, for I knew what sheep it was, to wit, the most valiant of all the wethers. And then we all fell to again, and very soon we hauled him out. Watch took charge of him at once with an air of the noblest patronage, lying on his frozen fleece and licking all his face and feet, to restore his warmth to him. Then fighting Tom jumped up at once, and made a little butt at Watch as if nothing had ever ailed him, and then set off to a shallow place, and looked for something to nibble at.

Further in and close under the bank, where they had huddled themselves for warmth, we found all the rest of the poor sheep packed as closely as if they were in a great pile. It was strange to observe how their vapor and breath and the moisture exuding from their wool had scooped, as it were, a *caved room for them lined with a ribbing of deep yellow snow*. Also the churned snow beneath their feet was as yellow as gamboge.

No words need be spent in praising the liveliness and, unless the word be the same, the life-likeness, or, even more, the aliveness of this picture. It is a living picture, indeed. We can see the drift and the sheep and the whole process of freeing them, all going on before our eyes. What I meant by the too-lyrical run of some of Blackmore's sentences may be seen from a passage a little further on, which might be written as verse:—

Often and often the vanes went round
and we hoped for change of
weather;

The only change was that it seemed if
possible to grow colder.

Or again on the same page:

Foreseeing how the snow was spread
Lightly over everything
Covering up the hills and valleys
And the foreshore of the sea,
They contrived a way to crown it
And to glide like a flake along.
Through the sparkle of the whiteness
And the wreaths of windy tossings
And the ups and downs of cold.
Any man might get along
With a boat on either foot
To prevent his sinking.

I have no doubt there are numberless passages in Blackmore which are made by this lilt of his, just as there are numberless passages in Ruskin made by his alliteration, though occasionally we come upon a place which excess has marred.

The characteristic talent of Mr. Dixon did not lie in his descriptions of natural scenery, though his lyrics contain such, but in his human portraits. In person he closely resembled Chaucer, as we see him in Hoccleve's picture, and in manner as he describes himself to us in the "Canterbury Tales;" and in his wide and humorous interest in types of humanity, especially ecclesiastical humanity, and in his power of drawing them he suggests Chaucer more than any one else. Of course, he had quite other than a merely Chaucerian interest in Church questions; but with that we are not concerned. It is fair to say that quotations do him injustice, because he did not patch his historical work with set pieces of character-paint-

ing, but allowed his view of the actors to express itself by the way. But here and there we get a more or less formal summing-up, and of such a specimen may be welcome. Here are some general remarks on the character of Henry VIII, of whom Mr. Froude made a hero.¹

Henry had long been in a declining state of health, suffering severe pain and uneasiness from his corpulence and the diseases of his constitution. He seems, however, to have been able to exert his will to the last, and never to have fallen so low as to be entirely at the mercy of the men around him. It was to the advantage of the courtiers, so long as he lived, implicitly to obey him. They bore with his irascibility, and followed him without murmuring even when he desired the destruction of many among them. Particular ambition might have been dangerous to the loyal society of which he was the head, and the extinction of one or two was always better than the peril of all. Henry was indeed the man who was fittest to direct the revolution of the rich against the poor. His stupendous will was guided by certain primary and unailing instincts; his fierce temper would brook the domination of no human being. The subtlest flattery failed to insinuate itself into him, the haughtiest spirits got no hold upon him; arduous or splendid services awoke in him no sentiment of royal confidence. The proud Wolsey, the astute Cromwell, to whom in succession he seemed to have abdicated his kingship, found that they had no more power over him than the last dice whom he had enriched. When he met with a conscience that resisted his enormities, his resentment was implacable. . . . In truth there was something unintelligent in the incapacity of attachment, the inaccessibility to kindly feeling, which was Henry's strength.

¹ Some of Dixon's footnotes on Froude's notions of veracity are very lively reading. There is a characteristic one in vol. iv, p. 372, from which I will only quote one sentence on Mr. Froude's style: "The chancellor and the clergy were springing at the leash like hounds with the game in view, fanaticism

and revenge lashing them forward.' If a hound were held in the leash and lashed forward at the same time, there is no knowing what he might do Mr. Froude is fond of the word lash; and indeed it has a fine lashing sound."

The savage creatures would bite every hand; the services and kindness of the keeper exempt him not from the precautions which must be taken by the stranger who approaches them. The well-known lineaments of this monarch expressed his character. That large and swelling brow, on which the clouds of wrath and the lines of hardness might come forth at any moment; those steep and ferocious eyes; that small full mouth, close buttoned, as if to prevent the explosion of a perpetual cholera; these give the physiognomy of a remarkable man, but not of a great man. There is no noble history written in them; and though well-formed, they lack the clearness of line which has often traced in a homelier visage the residence of a lofty intellect. . . . It is the last baseness of tyranny not to perceive genius. Of Seneca and of Lucan the slaughterer was Nero. Henry the Eighth laid the foundations of his revolution in the English Erasmus, and set up the gates thereof in the English Petrarch.

Mr. Steevens's prose will hardly look its best beside Mr. Dixon's. Dixon was a poet and wrote such prose as only poets can write—prose with distinction in every sentence, in every word. Distinction is precisely what Mr. Steevens's prose always lacks. If the reader is not interested in the matter that happens to be in hand, he may skip with assurance, knowing that nothing in the manner will make perseverance worth while. In comparing the two styles, one is reminded of that pleasant conceit in a poem of George Herbert's:

A man that looks on glasse
On it may stay his eye;
Or if he pleaseth, through it passe,
And then the heaven espy.

There is no temptation for the eye to rest upon Mr. Steevens's glass. But then, what a translucent glass it is! With what minute accuracy, with what vivid sharpness it presents its picture of the world without! How admirably

it selects the characteristic features—for with all its apparent simplicity it is a magic glass—and allows them to make their characteristic impression! To read a diary of travel by Mr. Steevens is to feel dispensed from the irksome necessity of making the journey for one's self. Could Delhi, for example, ever mean more to me, after I had seen it with my own eyes, than it does now when I have seen it through Mr. Steevens's? I strongly doubt it. For a specimen of Mr. Steevens's skill I will not draw upon his latest books, which will be in most people's memory, but will give his picture of Chicago, partly for the sake of the contrasts it will suggest with the passages given above from Mr. Ruskin. To impressionism nothing is common, even if it is unclean.

Go first up on to the tower of the Auditorium. In front, near three hundred feet below, lies Lake Michigan. There are lines of breakwater, and a light-house inshore, where the water is gray and brown, but beyond and on either hand to the rim spreads the brilliant azure of deep water—the bosom of a lake which is also a sea shining in the transparent sunlight. White sails speckle its surface, and far out ocean-going steamers trail lazy streaks of smoke behind them. From the lake blow winds now soft and life-giving like old wine, now so keen as to set every nerve and sinew on the stretch. Then turn round and look at Chicago. You might be on a central peak of the high Alps. All about you they rise, the mountains of building—not in the broken line of New York, but thick together, side by side, one behind the other. From this height the flat roofs of the ordinary buildings of four or five stories are not distinguishable from the ground; planting their feet on these rise the serried ranks of the heaven-scaling peaks. You are almost surprised to see no snow on them; the steam that gushes perpetually from their chimneys, and floats and curls away on the lake breeze, might well be

clouds with the summits rising above them to the sun. Height on height they stretch away on every side till they are lost in a murky cloud of smoke inland. These buildings are all iron-cored, and the masonry is only the shell that cases the rooms in them. They can even be built downward. You may see one of them with eight stories of brick wall above, and then four of a vacant skeleton of girders below; the superstructure seems to be hanging in air. Broad-

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er and more massive than the tall buildings of New York, older also and dingier, they do not appear, like them, simply boxes of windows. Who would suppose that mere lumps of iron and bricks and mortar could be sublime? Yet these are sublime and almost awful. You have awakened, like Gulliver, in a land of giants, a land where the very houses are instinct with almost ferocious energy and force.

Urbanus Sylvan.

IN THE DEBATABLE LAND.

One night when the sluicing rains had ceased, three white men sat on the veranda of an isolated factory hidden among the cottonwoods and oil-palms stretching between Calabar and Forcados in the Niger Protectorate. Behind them the pile-raised room, which was lighted by a smoky lamp, reeked of mildew and paraffin. Moisture trickled down the wainscot, and a damp and musty odor drifted through the casement to meet the heat outside. Beneath, in the sodden compound, a group of heathen Krooboys crouched round a smouldering fire, crooning a dismal chanty to the tapping of a drum, and beyond that the forest rose like a wall. Steam hung in fleecy wreaths half-way up the great cottonwood trunks, while above it sombre foliage and bare, withered limbs were outlined dimly against liquid indigo.

The dead, still air seemed heated to the temperature of an oven, and when presently a silver radiance brightened behind the cottonwoods, and the first rays of the rising moon touched the muddy river which oozed past the stockade, Edward Halliwell, missionary, mopped his streaming forehead as he turned in his chair.

"What was the last news from the

bush, and what do you think of the prospects of a general rising?" he said. "I could only gather rumors on my journey here, and now I have rested I must hurry on again."

The speaker was young in years, though old with the experience which comes with suffering, and he was there because, having some skill in medicine, his aid had been sought by the headman of a stricken tribe. His listeners were little more than lads, and yet they, too, had learned something of the mystery of life and death in that region of pestilence. So they looked at one another, until Parker, the elder, said:

"The news is bad, sir. They're dying like flies in the bush country, and if you go there the fetich priests will fasten the blame on you. Besides, the neighboring headman, Shaliwa, is not to be trusted. There's no doubt the inland tribesmen are out on the raid; sent us a message last week they were coming to burn us out, and if Shaliwa joins them they'll probably do it. Not safe for you to go on, sir, and risky for us here. Murder and sickness let loose everywhere."

The missionary sighed a little, and glanced down the oily river, the high-

way to the sea, then his eyes grew resolute as he turned them up stream again, for his path led that way into a region of savage cruelty. He was one of those who trusted that sooner or later peace and order would reign in the wild delta, though he knew that time had not yet come, and in dark hours he grappled with a crushing sense of hopelessness. Then the moonlight fell upon the group, showing the stamp of the malaria set on all alike—hollows in the sallow faces, and a curious look in the eyes.

"Nevertheless, I must go on. Now is the time to win a footing if ever it can be done, and why should we not venture where the Moslem Mallah go?" he said, half aloud, and then turned to the rest as he added, "You are the youngest agents in all the back country. How was it you came here?"

Parker laughed mirthlessly as he answered:

"Barlow and I worked in an office for fourteen shillings a week at home. Perhaps you know what that means—no, of course you don't. Then we saw the advertisement, sixty pounds a year and quarters, free life and adventure! It seemed too good to be true, and we jumped at the chance of the three years' contract. Came up here and wrestled with fever, working twelve hours a day, learned to trade in gin and cloth, and watched the agent drinking his life away. He woke up one night choking, tried to tell us something, but his lips turned blue, then, while Barlow opened the medicine chest, he just collapsed and died. We buried him there across the compound, and we run the factory as best we can, waiting orders from the firm at home, also chancing fever and the risk of poison."

"And you get sixty pounds a year for that?" said Halliwell. "Far too young, both of you, to have seen things like this. Why don't you give it up? there are other and healthier colonies,

or now, when trade is stopped, go back to the coast?"

"Yes," said Barlow, simply; "but we signed the contract, and who's to collect the palm-oil for trade sent in advance? Besides, they'd loot this factory; so, can't you see, sir, we're bound to carry it through?"

Halliwell looked at the speaker, noting the coarse ring in the voice, and the rough, homely face. No trace of much education, no stamp of training, and yet he knew this youth had answered well. So he said:

"Of course, I beg your pardon, now I understand. Well, my canoe boys are stirring, and I must bid you good-bye. Take the medicine I left, you are neither very fit, and may you be preserved safely until we meet again!"

He went down the veranda stairway, a canoe slid out from the bank, and the thud of paddles grew fainter up the misty stream, until, when they died into silence, Parker said:

"A nice man! It's a pity, but I don't think he'll come back. That sickness is catching, and if Shaliwa joins the raiders, the Ju-ju men will probably poison him. Any way, our own chances are not much better, but our work's to look after the factory, and not to worry about what may happen. So I'm going to lie down; it's far too hot to sleep. You be sure to call me if you get those shakes again."

Then they sought their sweltering couches under the mosquito bars, for the steamy forest had taught them more than the palm-oil trade, and the weeks that followed were very trying. Once more trouble had broken out, and the bush was filled with rumors of village-burning and a coming raid. Whispers also reached them that another expedition was marching up from the coast, groups of friendly natives passed flying south, and then there followed a silence that was even worse. But, cut off from European help, the two youths

held on to the threatened factory, occasionally venturing northwards with their lives in their hands to collect outstanding debts, until one day a black trader came in with tidings.

Both listened with troubled faces, and then Barlow said:

"News with a vengeance! Shaliwa has broken out, one of his second headmen watching the waterways with war-canoes, there'll be general chaos now. Halliwell's journeyin' down river, an' the first patrol launch is at Palm Creek, only thirty miles away. Say, some one must warn the steamer before he blunders into their hands. Shaliwa hates all white men, and I don't know what might happen if that came about."

Then there followed a discussion, in which the black trader demanded a heavy price for showing a path through the forest to cut off a wide river bend, because, as he pointed out, if the raiders learned of his share in the proceedings, his life would be forfeit. Eventually a bargain was settled, and Parker said, with a hollow laugh:

"If the firm at home won't pay, it will have to come out of our princely salary; but somehow, in spite of the bushmen, I'm going to reach that launch. I don't like leaving you, Barlow, but this has to be done," and the other only nodded in silence.

Ten minutes later the two lonely Europeans grasped hands at the compound gate, and their words were simple, though their eyes said much. There was a brief "Good-bye and good luck" from the one who waited, the other waved his hand, and Barlow leaned against the gate until the two figures vanished into the steamy shade of the cottonwoods. All that night and next day Parker stumbled through the forest, trampling down the tall lilies in the more open glades where the air was heavy with spices and smelt like a hot-house, and festoons of creepers hung

from the mighty boughs. Then, tormented by insects, he floundered among black mire and tall reeds on the edge of the quaking swamps, past wastes of corruption fermenting under a scorching sun, until he reached firm earth again beneath the feathery palms. Once he passed a circle of ashes where wattled huts had been, and hurried the faster because the raiders had left gruesome tokens of their presence. So, footsore, stabbed by cruel thorns, and slashed by sword-edged grass, with throbbing head and burning skin, he pressed on doggedly, one object set before his eyes, to reach the launch in time.

On the third day after the trader left the factory, it happened that a certain officer of the Niger Constabulary, then making a reconnaissance, lay half-asleep under the shade-deck of a big steam launch. The river about him flamed like molten brass, the palm-fronds were silhouetted against a heat-yellowed sky, and the little machine-gun forward flung back flashes of intense brightness. Stretched upon the hot deck a group of black Yoruba soldiers, in yellow khaki uniform, slumbered peacefully, and the deep silence that hung over the river was only broken by the monotonous clang of engines and the throbbing of the screw. It was then the middle of the afternoon, a time when, in tropical Africa, almost every living thing lies gasping under the fervent heat. Presently the constabulary officer became uneasily conscious that some one was calling him, a Yoruba soldier cried out, and he sat up, abusing the climate and rubbing the perspiration out of his eyes.

Across the dazzling river a disreputable object, waving a pith helmet, stood out on a sand bar, and the officer started, as he said:

"A white man with a nigger guide! Who can he be up here? This bush isn't safe for white men with the raid-

ers out. Take a canoe, corporal, and bring those men on board."

Five minutes later Parker, daubed with the mire of many a swamp, and his garments hanging in tatters about his bleeding limbs, climbed over the rail of the waiting launch, and dropped limply on the cabin skylights. He told his tale hurriedly, and the listener said:

"You have first-class nerves, youngster, to come through there, just now. What will I do to help missionary Halliwell?—you must leave me to settle that, but I am inclined to fancy you have preserved the peace of this district. If I lay hands upon Shaliwa's headman, it will nip one part of the trouble right off in the bud. But you're worn out and famished, at least that's how you look, so no more talking. Lie down here in the hammock, while they get you something to eat."

Ponsonby limped forward, but now the need was over his strength had vanished. The fever was also upon him, and the deck seemed to reel beneath his feet. So he clawed at a stanchion, missed it, and would have fallen but that the bronzed officer lifted him gently into the hammock. Then there were hurried orders, and the black stoker forced his fire. Dun smoke rolled from the funnel, and with her propeller whirling muddy foam aloft the white-painted steamer churned faster up stream.

The moon hung over the river, bathing the forest and half the water in silver radiance, when the lad, who had slept and eaten, lay resting thankfully in a wicker chair, and watched the black loom of the tufted palms flitting swiftly by. White mist hung about them, and he could smell spices mingled with the fragrance of lilies, while mysterious noises came out of the bush. A wisp of crimson flame licked about the funnel, steam poured hissing from the escape-pipe, and a white-streaked wake streamed away astern. The cranks

were pounding their hardest, and the sable engineer, watching the gauges nervously, greatly desired to ease the pressure. But, in times of trouble, those who keep peace on the Niger travel hard and fast lest the bushman's mysterious telegraph should forestall them, and his officer's commands were urgent to raise the last ounce of steam.

"It's a race," said the latter, quietly. "Shaliwa's men have good reasons for hating the missionary, and I wouldn't like Halliwell to meet his band of fetich marauders. Still, from what this black rascal tells me, he can't be far away, and unless we rip her bilges out on a sunken snag, we should get through in time. Of course, the nigger's playing his own game, some grudge against Shaliwa, and, like a cautious man, he thinks it would be nicer for the Government to crush his rival. You didn't promise him any reward, I hope?"

Just as Parker answered, "I am afraid I did, and it may mean the loss of three months' salary," the ingenious object of their conversation came forward and said something to the officer in the native tongue.

Thereupon the latter gave orders to slacken the speed, and, for a time, the launch panted softly through the shadows of the palm-fronds which overhung the bank, every man on board straining ears and eyes, while the black soldiers fidgeted with their rifles. They were Moslem of a kind from the Lagos hinterland, who, together with the Haussamen of similar faith, serve the British Government faithfully in West Africa, partly because of their racial hatred to the heathen of the coast. The mist grew a little thicker as the light breeze died, the heat even more intense, and so they steamed on cautiously until Parker started as the faint thud of paddles drifted across the forest. Soon a monotonous chanty came out of the night, the chunk and splash grew loud-

er, and then the engines were stopped, and the steamer lay invisible in the gloom of the bank.

"This is Shaliwa's headman coming," said the officer, quietly, "and it's fortunate we reached here before Halliwell came out of the other fork. I might rake them with the machine-gun, but we shed no blood unless it's needed, and it's better to make it a question of moral supremacy." Then he laughed drily, as he added, "Shaliwa will probably be sorry he went out on the war-path now."

Soon a canoe slid into sight round a bend, six slaves swinging the paddles on either side, and the moon rays glinted on the long gun-barrels held by the men astern. Another and another followed, the muddy river breaking into froth at the bows, and the wet paddle-blades shimmering as they rose into the air. Forward in the eyes of the launch two Yoruba soldiers knelt behind the machine-gun, but no one either spoke or moved until a larger canoe, with something that looked suspiciously like a brass gun forward, shot into sight, when, by the cotton dress of the paddlers, the constabulary officer recognized that this should bear the headman's deputy. Then he gave an order, and a shout of alarm went up as, with a scream of her whistle and the propeller whirling up froth astern, the steamer swept out into midstream towards the flotilla. Amid a confused clamor of voices and a splashing of paddles the foremost circled round, and the officer spinning the steering wheel edged them in upon each other to avoid the thrust of the stem, then stopped the engines close to the largest.

"The first that tries to get away will be shattered by the gun," he shouted in the native tongue, and the long tube forward swang across the bows. "Where are Shaliwa's men going with armed canoes against the law on a peaceful river?"

Thereupon the negro leader answered sullenly that he only intended to collect palm-oil by main force from a dishonest neighbor who refused due payment. But the questioner laughed derisively, as he answered:

"False words and useless! These are not carrying canoes, and there is no room for palm-oil with so many fighting men. How many of our people's villages did you intend burning?"

At this the negro changed front and commenced to bluster, while a light of excitement came into the young trader's eyes as he heard the rattle of matchets in the nearer canoes, and a sound that was very like the chipping of a flint. But his companion only beckoned to the engineer; the launch moved out a little into the clear track of the moonlight when the fire door was also opened wide. The red glare fell on one tall figure in khaki uniform standing serenely upright with empty hands, but it also showed the Yorubas clenching their rifles along the launch's rail.

"Keep low down on the skylights. I think their courage is falling, but they're unhandy with fire-arms, and there might be an accident," a low voice said, and Parker reluctantly obeyed. He did not fail to recognize that it must require steady nerves for his companion thus to make a clear target of himself, while he knew black fingers were fumbling with the flint-lock triggers. But it was part of that officer's business to put his personal safety quite out of the question when there was an end to be gained. And meantime the machine-gun barrel swang once more threateningly across the front of the canoes. Then the Briton spoke sharply:

"There is no need for further talking. Over with the flintlocks before the destruction begins," and a clumsy weapon splashed into the river, while Parker fancied he heard a deep-drawn breath

of relief, for that splash told an anxious listener he had won a bloodless victory. Further weapons followed, until the officer said, "Now, throw over the matchets," and the cutlass-like blades flashed into the moonlight as they struck the river.

So, once more, calculating courage and an assumption of the white man's authority triumphed over undisciplined valor and the force of numbers, and before ten minutes were over the leader, with wrists bound together, sat on the launch's deck, while his pride, the two little brass guns, lay sunk deep in the mire of the river. Also, a mob of badly-cowed marauders slunk back, unarmed, through the forest, to tell their turbulent ruler that raid was over, and that it would be wiser to settle down peaceably than to join the rebellious tribesmen. But the Protectorate officer's fingers trembled as, sinking back in a skin chair, he wiped his streaming face.

Some time later, they met another canoe sliding down a transverse creek out of a great palm forest, two big woolly-haired negroes dipping the paddles, while in the stern Edward Halliwell lay fast asleep with his head on the brass-bound medicine chest. When awakened, he shook with an ague fit, and sat down gasping a few moments before he could speak, for he had barely escaped the pestilence, and now, when weakened by fever, his garments were drenched in dew. Afterwards he listened to the trader's story calmly, because the near presence of danger was nothing new to him. But when he grasped Parker's hand, the lad's eyes brightened at the words he said, and then the hospitable officer hurried them into the oven-like saloon, where he endeavored to force upon the sick man delicacies sufficient for a week.

When the meal was finished he said:

"I must go back and join the other two steamers coming up, when, with

the troops marching overland, we will end this trouble. You can go down in the despatch canoe, but we'll steam round by the factory to quieten the other lad's mind."

All night at topmost speed the launch went panting through the heart of the forest, and the officer listened at intervals to Halliwell's story—a grim tale of pestilence and fetich cruelty, with the narrator's own sufferings carefully left out. These were understood, as a matter of course, for all present knew that the blood of many white men must still be poured out like water for the redemption of Africa. Halliwell also recognized he was but a pioneer, and, in the face of manifold peril, his part was to break ground for a harvest whose reaping other men would do. Long before that time was ripe he knew the climate would have claimed another victim, because it is only little by little the light may break through the darkness which obscures the fever land.

It was burning day when they reached the factory, and found a youth with a haggard face sitting upon the veranda, a revolver in his hand, and staring at the forest with anxious eyes. Parker sprang towards him, and when his half-dazed comrade grasped the situation the two stood clasping each other's hands, not knowing what to say, while the one gulped down something that gathered in his throat, and, as he declared afterwards, the other's eyes were dim. This, Barlow demonstrated, was not surprising, because he had not closed them during the last three nights and days. Then he turned to greet the missionary and officer, and the latter looked at him keenly, as he asked:

"And so you were ready to hold this place alone against the raiders. You are not paid for fighting; what made you do it?"

Barlow flushed a little and answered awkwardly:

"No, we're not Protectorate officers; but, when you come to look at it, what else was there we could do?"

Thereupon the other laid a hand on his shoulder and laughed, as he said:

"Just what I expected. Keep on the way you are going and you'll make fine men some day. As to the gulde's pay and other matters, you need not trouble about that. I should say the Government is somewhat indebted to you, and I'll see the Vice-Consul writes to your firm at home. Neither need you be afraid of the raiders, for we will shortly bring them to their senses."

Hurried farewells followed, and when the launch steamed away the officer said to Halliwell:

"We are bound in honor to risk the utmost in our respective service. Those

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lads have been taught little, and have no prestige to maintain, and yet they waited—because, as one of them said, there was nothing else he could do—with the forest open behind him to bolt for the settlements. Well, that is, perhaps, the reason why, so few in numbers, we rule in Africa."

The crushing of yet another rising has no place in this story, and such affairs are common in the Niger delta, but in due time Edward Halliwell gained a footing in the fetich district. Also, before that happened, the two young traders received a letter from the firm at home appointing them to the permanent charge of that factory, with a couple of white assistants and a reasonable salary.

Harold Bindloss.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO IRELAND

I.

Each good and perfect gift man's heart to move
Comes from the heart before it leaves the hand,
At once inspired and exquisitely plann'd.
Kings learn this piece of kingcraft from above;
Men call it tact, the angels know 'tis love!—
Ours is a tragic past, a fatal land.
What offering, Lady, bringest thou to prove
Such souls? The sacrifice of hours, by thee
Well-won, exchanged for the continuous strain,—
Renunciation of the Italian morn,
Of the blue Mediterranean sea,
For our gray waves and April fields forlorn,—
Gift such as this will not be made in vain.

II.

Writ in a fair charactery of flowers
Full oft are queenly names. Some bud that blows
Dreams itself on superbly to a rose,
Wears odorous purple through the passing hours,

And breathes a tale of queenship to its bowers.
What finds our Queen in yonder plant that grows
No iridescent colors to disclose,
No waft of scent wherewith to endow the showers—
That little feeble frond trifoliate,
The symbol of a nation's passionate heart—
In every Irish glen beloved much?
Lo! with a tender and a subtle art,
As an old Saint wien types, a Queen of late
Color'd it with the summer of her touch.

III.

The young alone are fair, the old are great,
The young have fire made visible to sight;
Young eyes have fire, the old alone have light,—¹
The light which all earth's weary ones await,
The light that waxes as the day grows late.
Deem not she thinks that now 'tis sunset quite,
That a pathetic majesty of night
Falls gray upon the grandeur of her state.
She thinks of the young valors who went down,
Marching across the battle-zone of fire
In the red baptism of war's martyrdom,
Her glorious Irish soldiers. Her desire
Is quick to see the green land of their home,
And fill the nations with their high renown.

IV.

So let a "favorable speed" assist
The keel that bears her yacht across the sea,
Let there no spindrift of the salt spray be,
Let night sleep sweetly, let wild waves be whist,
The calm unstain'd by any wreath of mist.
On land be kindred influence, that we
May meet each other in a happy tryst.
Hark! on my ears what sounds are these that strike?
Not of old fierce extremes, but of one cause
Seen now through all variety of form.
Lo! one great people rising oceanlike
By regularity of tidal laws,
Not with the undisciplined passion of the storm.

V.

O that a fortnight's Truce of God might sound!
O that this land of eloquence and wit
In the rich tones that almost treble it,
Order more order'd being so lightly bound,

¹ See "Boaz endormi" in Victor Hugo's "Legende des Siècles."

Freedom more free in being so fair encrown'd,
 And law's stern wrath, unpassionately writ
 (Safeguard of homes)³ by this great presence lit,
 Might mutely hear. So on this fateful ground
 All sweet consideration; love that starts
 At nought as alien in the soul of man;
 Not less pathetic, less revengeful songs;
 Might make one right majestic from two wrongs,
 And one fair century from a fortnight's span.
 So let the peace of Christ rule in our hearts.

William Armagh, Palace, Armagh, March 26th.

The Spectator.

THE REFUSAL TO GRANT A CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.

The cause of the Catholic University for Ireland was greatly advanced by the debate of Friday week in the House of Commons. It is true that the debate ended in a hostile vote of 177 to 91, and that the Irish members contributed to it little of any value, but, nevertheless, the advance was palpable and serious. The conversion of Sir W. Anson, Conservative of Conservatives and member for Oxford University, was of itself most significant; and so was the admirable speech of the member for the Arfon district of Carnarvonshire. Mr. William Jones is a Nonconformist, "a Protestant of the Protestants," as he called himself, a devotee of undenominational education, to which he attributes much of the content and prosperity of Wales, yet, in a speech which extorted hearty applause from both sides of the House, he pleaded for a Catholic University in Ireland as essential at once to its cultivation and content. In the cause of enlightenment he postponed "an ideal principle" as, under the circumstances, inapplicable and injurious. That is a most significant sign of progress, as was the admiration which Mr. Jones elicited from opponents. Men who hold an

opinion with fanatic force do not cordially enjoy speeches which show that they are losing foothold with their strongest supporters. The event of the debate, however, was the speech of Mr. Balfour. The Unionist leader of the House, who certainly—as, indeed, he said of himself—has no leaning to Roman Catholicism, was obviously in passionate earnest, and though he commenced by declaring that he was, on this subject, an exhausted man, and had said all that was in him to say, he poured out a stream of argument so convincing, of illustration so apposite, and of reflection so enlightening, that he drew from Mr. John Morley an almost unprecedented compliment, and would, there is little doubt, had his party not been so afraid of constituents, have carried his Bill as completely as Macaulay carried his amendments to the Copyright Bill, and by the same weapon, irresistible argument, so presented that it awoke no fresh antagonism. Amid the hundreds of speeches that we have heard or read we can remember but one in which a speaker so nearly converted a hostile audience—the one in which Mr. Gladstone proved that the exemption of charitable funds

³ Sophocles, "Antigone," 355.

from the Income-tax was wrong in principle, because fatal to the impartiality of the State. When Mr. Gladstone sat down on that occasion, after announcing that the proposal would go no further, his great opponent declared publicly that had he persevered the House must have given way, being intellectually borne down. Mr. Balfour is often accused of being too academic, but it is not the art of a professor which enables an orator to put the most offensive of all arguments for his proposal with a grace which extorts from those who favor it enthusiastic cheers. What Mr. Balfour wanted to say was that, as we see in Rhenish Prussia, education inevitably strips Roman Catholicism of its most injurious features, and he so presented that side of the question that every Roman Catholic in the House felt that his creed had been honored by the argument. "I do not, in the least, believe that university education will be an instrument for the conversion of Roman Catholics to Protestantism; but I do believe that, if the evils which we believe to result, at all events, from the growth of Roman Catholicism in some of its forms, exist now in Ireland, they will be diminished rather than aggravated by anything you can do in the way of higher education. Take the case of Germany. I do not believe that the actual proportion between the Roman Catholics and the Protestants in Germany has, in the last two or three generations, been materially altered. At all events, I have no ground for believing that it has been altered in favor of the Protestants. Yet there you have University education, and can see what education can do for the great Roman Catholic population, because the German Roman Catholics are, by universal admission, by the admission of every student in every branch of knowledge, the most advanced, the most enlightened, and the most learned

of any of their co-religionists." If that triumph of sympathetic dialectics is academic, would that we had more professors in the Commons to raise debate to higher planes. And surely it was insight as much as unusual knowledge of a special history which enabled Mr. Balfour thus to make of Scotland—Presbyterian Calvinistic Scotland—an unanswerable illustration of the advantages of a Roman Catholic University. "I remember that of all parts of the United Kingdom, Scotland is the one where University education has, perhaps, done more good, where it has penetrated more completely through every section of the population—upper class, middle class, lower class—and I ask myself whether that result would ever have been attained if the Scotch universities in the periods of their earlier activity had not been in active religious and political sympathy with the people. We are now told that the Irish Roman Catholics are throwing away their opportunities for higher education in not going to a university whose atmosphere is Protestant, but whose doors are open to them. Supposing the Universities of Glasgow, Aberdeen, Edinburgh and St. Andrews had manned their teaching staffs from top to bottom with Roman Catholics since the Reformation. Supposing that the main bulk of the students of these universities had been, in consequence of that fact, Roman Catholic, does any human being believe, knowing anything of history or of human nature, that these four great universities would have been used by the Scotch as they have been used to such great advantage for four hundred years?" Mr. Balfour might have added to his arguments from Germany and from Scotland that Rhenish Prussia, being at once educated and Catholic, is devotedly loyal to the greatest of Protestant houses, one, moreover, which is as distinctively Protestant as any Nonconformist; and

that Scotland, which at first resented the union as strongly as ever Ireland did, is as cordially part of Britain as England is; but perhaps he felt that, at this moment, when Irish Catholics are dying in heaps for Queen Victoria, that argument from loyalty was superfluous or out of place.

To accept such devotion from Irish Roman Catholics, yet refuse to grant the one method of intellectual elevation for which they all petition, and which their clergy regard as absolutely essential, seems to us almost monstrous, and, in truth, we believe it seems so to a majority within the House. It is not the member who knows of Germany, and remembers how many Continental sceptics have been trained in the seminary, who requires to be convinced, but the average Protestant elector, who cannot rid himself of a vague impression that as education strengthens the man who receives it, in educating Catholics in the Catholic way, and amidst a Catholic atmosphere, he is strengthening Catholicism, which, at heart, he believes to be a creed that is both untrue and un-British. It is most difficult to reach him, for his conviction is born of prejudice rather than reason, and the Catholic Church is, for the moment, fanning its fire by betraying in every direction anti-English sympathies, but we believe that in the end even he will be converted.

Englishmen have always this mark of sense about them, that in the end they follow their leaders; and as they submitted to Catholic emancipation, which they hated and dreaded with all their hearts, so they will submit to see Irish Catholics who are emancipated educated as well as Protestants without more than low-voiced murmurs. Indeed, we are not sure even of the murmurs. They must see in the end, as Mr. Balfour told them, that this is not an ecclesiastical ques-

tion, but a lay question; that the men to whom they are refusing the means of culture are not priests, but laymen who in every walk of life, and specially on the battlefield, are struggling for the same causes as themselves; who, if they are degraded, degrade the Empire, and if they are elevated, elevate the whole community, Protestant as well as Catholic. If it is truth which is in question, how can they diffuse the mental power of receiving truth more directly than by educating thoroughly the misbeliever? And as for the loyalty, let them ponder the newspaper "great fact" of the day. The Duke of Norfolk is sailing for South Africa to fight at the head of a corps which he himself has raised on the side to which the electors are wishing success. The Duke, at least, is not seeking to improve his own position or maintain himself in comfort. He is sacrificing for the flag almost everything which makes life enjoyable, and a great official position besides; and he is not only the premier peer and the recognized leader of English Catholics, but he is a believer of whose fidelity to his church no one ever entertained a doubt. The average Protestant elector is, after all, a person of sense, and we should just ask him whether, if all Irish Catholics shared the sentiments and the education of the Duke of Norfolk, he would think of Ireland as more dangerous or less dangerous than at present? It is not a pleasant argument to use in a cause which ought to succeed because the English people love justice, and will face a risk on its behalf; but it is an intelligible one, and we would ask the average elector where his answer is.

We shall be told, of course, that the Irish Roman Catholic can go to the Protestant university if he pleases, but the assertion is in all but form untrue. He can go just as an English Evangelical can go to be educated at Stony-

hurst. Nothing stops him except his conscience. That conscience may be unenlightened, but of its potency in causing Irish Catholics to reject the means of instruction there can be no doubt whatever. Perhaps of all mankind the Irish Catholic is most desirous

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of education, if only because it will help him up in the world, and he craves to rise; yet of three million two hundred thousand Irish Catholics only three hundred have become graduates. Is not that proof sufficient that he demands a different university?

EDMOND ROSTAND'S "L'AIGLON."

Monsieur Rostand, owing to his rapid and brilliant career and the colossal success of "Cyrano de Bergerac," is certainly the French author of the present day who attracts the greatest amount of attention in France, whose talent is the most keenly debated, whose claims are supported and disputed with the greatest amount of vehemence. His popularity in France is as great as that of Mr. Kipling in England; and in France, as is the case with Mr. Kipling in England, there are not wanting many, and determined, advocates of the devil. Some deny to M. Rostand the title of poet, while admitting that he is a clever playwright; some say that he has no talent whatsoever. In the case of poetical plays the public is probably, in the long run, the only judge. Never in the world's history has it been seen that the really magnificent play has proved a lasting failure, or a really bad play a perennial success. Of course, there have been plays which, like other works of art which have come before their season, the public have taken some years to appreciate; while, on the other hand, the public have often patronized plays of surprising mediocrity and vulgarity; these works, however, have never resisted the hand of time. But in the main the public has been right, and those who take the opposite view gen-

erally belong to a class alluded to by Pope:—

So much they scorn the crowd, that if
the throng
By chance go right, they purposely go
wrong.

Certainly, in M. Rostand's case, whatever may be the exact "place" of his plays in the evolution of the world's poetical drama, one thing is quite certain, and that is that his plays are triumphantly successful. This for a play is a merit in itself. After the triumph of "Cyrano" it was difficult to believe that "L'Aiglon" would attain the same level of merit and success; and never was a success more discounted beforehand. For weeks before, "L'Aiglon" was the main topic of conversation in Paris, and provided endless copy for the newspapers. One thing is again certain: whatever the æsthetic value of "L'Aiglon" may be considered to be in the future, it constitutes for the present another gigantic success—a success which will extend and increase even so wide a popularity as M. Rostand's. Never did a play come at a more opportune moment. At the time when the French are thinking that their country has, for a long time, been playing too insignificant in European politics, when it is still convalescent and suffering from the vague dis-

comfort subsequent on a feverish crisis, and fretting and chafing under the colorless mediocrity of a *régime* and a representative which fall short of their flamboyant ideal, M. Rostand comes skilfully leading a martial orchestra and sets their pulses throbbing and their ears tingling and their hearts beating with the inspiring tunes of Imperial France. M. Rostand has written a play which certainly constitutes an advance in his poetical career. It has the same color and vitality as "Cyrano," the same incomparable instinct for stage effect, the same skill and dexterity in the manipulation of words which amounts to jugglery, the same fertility in poetical images and felicitous couplets that we find in his earlier works; but, besides this, it has something that they have not—a higher atmosphere, a larger outlook, a deeper note; the fabric, though the builder's skill is the same, is less perfect as a whole, and more irregular; but in it we hear mysterious echoes, and the footfall of the Epic Muse, which compensate for the unevenness of the carpentry.

In "L'Aiglon" we breathe the atmosphere of the epic of Napoleon. Although the scenes which M. Rostand presents to us deal only with the sunset of that period, the glories and the vicissitudes of that epoch are suggested to us; we do not see the things themselves, but we are conscious of their spirit, their poetic existence and essence. M. Rostand evokes them, not by means of palpable shapes, but, like a wizard, in the images of his phrases and the sound of his verse, and thus we see them more clearly than if they had been presented to us in the form of elaborate tableaux and spectacular battle-pieces.

The existence of Napoleon II was in itself a tragic fact. Yet more tragic if, as Metternich is reported to have said of him, he had "a head of iron and a

body of glass." And a degree more tragic still is M. Rostand's creation of a prince whose frail tenement of clay is consumed by ambition and aspiration and who is conscious at times of the vanity of his aspiration and the hopelessness of his ambition. Thus tossed to and fro from ecstasy to despair, he is another Hamlet born not to avenge a crime committed against his father, but to atone for his father's crimes. And perhaps the most poetical moment of the play is that in which the Prince realized, on the plain of Wagram, that he himself is the atonement; that he is a white wafer of sacrifice offered as an expiation for so many oceans of blood. M. Rostand has chosen this theme, pregnant with intense pathos, as his principal *leit-motiv*, and has brought into relief the pity and the sadness of it by weaving round it music instinct with military ardor and patriotic fire and "all the pride, pomp, circumstance of glorious war." It is needless at this time in the day to relate the play in detail. The first two acts are the most stirring and vigorous—full of rousing speeches, telling lines, and dramatic scenes, such as the Prince's history lesson, when, after his professors had told him that nothing of importance occurred in the years 1805-7, in burning words he relates to them the campaign of Austerlitz.

In the third act there is a charming scene between the old Emperor of Austria and his grandson; it closes with an intensely dramatic scene where Metternich, wishing to work on the moral weakness of the Prince, drags him, unnerved and terrified, to the looking-glass and defies him to trace one lineament of Napoleon in his delicate Hapsburg countenance. The fourth act is an interlude which might be cut without loss. The close of the fifth act is, perhaps, the finest in conception of the whole play; in it we see Napoleon, after the failure of an attempted escape

to France, alone on the battlefield of Wagram, pale in his white uniform on the great, green, moonlit plain, with the body of the faithful soldier of the Old Guard, who had killed himself rather than be taken by the Austrians, lying before him. Gradually, in the sighing winds, Napoleon imagines he hears the moan of the soldiers who once strewed the plain, until the fancy grows into hallucination; until he fancies he is surrounded by regiments of ghosts, and that he hears the groans, the call and the clamor of phantom armies growing louder and louder till they culminate in the cry of "*Vive l'Empereur, vive l'Empereur.*" He hears the tramping of men and the champing and neighing of chargers, and the music of the band; he thinks "the Grande Armée" has come to life, and rushes joyfully to meet it; the vision is then dispelled, and the irony of the reality is made plain to him, for it is the white uniforms of the Austrian regiment (of which he is colonel) that appear in the plain. The scene is almost Shakespearean in its effect of beauty and terror. Finally, in the last act, we see the Roi de Rome dying in his gilded cage while he listens to the account of the pomp of his baptism in Paris, which is read out to him as he dies—he who as a child "*eut pour hochet la couronne de Rome,*" is now an obscure and insignificant Hapsburg princeling, dying, forgotten by the world, without a friend, and under the eye of his implacable enemy.

The play has already been accused of incoherence, lengthiness and inequality; of too rapid transitions, and of a clashing in style of preciosity and brutality; of affectation and noise. It has been compared unfavorably with "Cyrano," but it must be said that if it is less finished and coherent than the former,

The Speaker.

less compact and artistic, it is also more human, it has more *epische Breite*, and it is less like a marionette show. Fault is found now, as it was before, with the form of M. Rostand's verses; they are, no doubt, better heard on the stage than read in the study, and this surely shows that they fulfil their conditions. His verses are not the verses of Racine, of Alfred de Vigny, of Leconte de Lisle (just as Mr. Kipling's verses are not the verses of Milton, Keats or Tennyson); but they have a poetical quality and a poetical value of their own; and while their clarion music is still ringing in my ears I should think it foolish to quarrel with them, and to criticise them in a captious spirit; possibly on reading "L'Aiglon" the impression produced may be different. For the present, still under the spell of the enthusiasm and shouts of applause which his stirring couplets inspired on the memorable first night of the performance, I can but thank the author, who brought before my eyes, with the skillful and clamorous music of his harps and his horns, his trumpets and fifes and drums, the vision of a heroic epoch and the shadows of Homeric battles—the red sun and the cannon balls shivering the ice at Austerlitz, the Pope crowning another Caesar in Notre Dame, Moscow in flames and the Great Army scattered on the steppes of Russia, and the lapping of the invisible tide round St. Helena. I also thank Madame Sarah Bernhardt for her intelligence, her charm, her grace, her power, her astounding vitality and energy; in short, for her miraculous genius, which seems to grow richer and riper, even as her personality grows fresher and younger with the advancing years.

M. B.

A PRISONER OF HOPE.

To sit and watch in the lonely house
 Whence others have risen and gone their way—
 So hush'd and still that the wainscot mouse
 Creeps out on my hearth to play;
 To hear the hurrying folk go by,
 Their echoing feet the silence fill—
 The world is busy enough, but I
 In the midst of it all sit still!

To wait, tho' the tide runs far and fast,
 To share the story, yet turn no page,
 To dwell in the heart of a vanished Past
 With friends of a bygone age;
 The living about me come and go,
 But these have done with earth's toils and tears,
 And I follow with faltering step and slow,
 In the wake of the tedious years.

A broken weapon that's flung aside,
 A worn-out tool for which none need care—
 Sometimes I fancy I must have died,
 And that only a ghost sits there!
 Yet the Dead no longer can feel the strain
 Of the nerveless hand and the powerless limb,
 And the weariness even worse than pain
 That comes when Life's lamp burns dim!

Often I think the hour of dawn,
 When the faint light glimmers on wall and floor,
 And the curtains of night are half withdrawn,
 Is the worst in the twenty-four!
 How long will it be ere the tardy gleam
 Of sunset fires the golden west?
 It is less hard then just to watch and dream
 When even the toilers rest.

And when stars come out o'er the twilight sea
 There falls on my soul a peace profound,
 As I think of a Hand that once set free
 The Spirits in Prison bound;
 One day He will burst these bonds of mine—
 And perchance there is good work yet undone
 He is keeping for me in His Love divine
 In the Land beyond the Sun!

The Living Age.—Supplement.

MAY 5, 1900.

READINGS FROM NEW BOOKS.

A NEW EARTH IN THE OLD EARTH'S ARMS.*

I have made the discovery of new heavens and a new earth. Who has not felt the need of them? Who has not said to himself, "I have seen this whole thing over and over again. This world, which is 'round like an orange,' has, like an orange, now been effectually squeezed. Give me new worlds, not to conquer, but to live in." When the impulse to turn over a new leaf, to break with the past, to begin life all over again, is strong upon us, we look around in vain for "fresh woods and pastures new" in which to begin it. How put a new soul of existence into an old body of circumstances? But we are no longer driven to this dilemma. I do not mind making public, at least to all those choice spirits who read a certain magazine, the chart of my newly-discovered world.

It is the world of dawn. "Oh, that!" cries my young friend, scornfully, and is about to turn away. But let me ask you, in confidence, When have you seen the dawn, the whole of it, from silvery beginning to golden end? It was not long ago that an ingenuous maid asked me, looking up from her favorite poet, "Is the sunrise so much, anyway?" No, I might have said; not if you burst in on it rudely, jumping out of bed, or sleepily fumbling aside a curtain. You only get, in that case, the flash of an angry glare. But go quietly at very daybreak, steal to some rock or hill,

or only to some housetop, and lie in wait for its delicate first footsteps in the eastern sky. You must stalk your sunrise.

How often do we hear somebody say, "I had to get up early this morning, and I wondered why we don't always do it!" But the chances are it was a very inadequate experience. There was some invalid to be tended, or some owl train to be caught. Taken deliberately, and provided for beforehand by a full night's sleep, the wonder why we do not always do it would be vastly increased. Why we do not, however, is plain enough. It is because we cannot afford to burn our candle at both ends. "*Early to bed and early to rise*," the whole prescription reads. It does not do to take half of it alone. If we are to see the morning star properly, the evening star must draw on *our* night-cap with its own.

The dawn, then, is protected from the throng of sacrilegious sight-seers by a great barrier. That barrier is the difficulty of going to bed. Our civilization has become a gaslight civilization. We try to turn night into day, and only succeed in turning night wrong side out; getting the harsh and wiry side that rasps the jaded nerves, in place of the gentle touches of "the welcome, the thrice prayed for," mantle of peaceful dreams.

It is diverting, to say the least, to take now and then a point of view outside of all our most cherished cus-

* From "The Prose of Edward Rowland Sill." Copyright, 1900, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.25.

toms, even those that seem to us most "natural," because our patient natures have been so completely twisted into them, as the jar to the jar-bred Chinese dwarf. Casting such a glance from outside at our gaslight habits, we suddenly see something absurd in them. Standing in a crowded and brilliantly-glaring room, half deafened by the horrible discord of a hundred jabbering tongues, we find it a relic of barbarism. We see the dancing rings of savages, yelling and beating tom-toms around a blazing fire. How much better off all these people would be, we think (supposing the din and confusion permit us to hear ourselves think), if they were all comfortably in bed, preparing their nervous machinery for a sane and energetic to-morrow! For my part, I should be glad if I could go back and cut away from my life all that ever occurred in it beyond early bedtime, as a cook goes round a plate and shears off the out-lying dough. Mere ragged and formless shreds of existence, those gaslight hours have been, containing, on the whole, far more evil than good; far more yawns, and the dreadful pangs of yawns suppressed, than refreshing eyebeams and voices.

Then there is another thing; could not the act of going to bed be made, from childhood up, a less depressing operation? The one daily torture of my own otherwise kindly-handled childhood was the going to bed in the dark. I hated the dark, and have always hated it. Why could not some softly-shaded light have been left for me to go to sleep by, and then withdrawn, instead of crushing down on my wide-awake eyes that horrible club of blackness? Or how much better to have "cuddled doon" in the still faintly-glimmering twilight, and let the slowly-coming starlight draw the child to sleepiness, and softly "kiss his eyelids down!"

And why must one assume a garb for

the night that even the child feels to be ridiculously unsuitable? To take off one's warm and comfortably-fitting garments, and barely cover the shrinking pudency of the limbs with some brief apology of flapping inadequateness—it is an insult to the Angel of Sleep. They do this better, I am told, in Japan. There the man has a night-suit of entire and comely garments. He does not undress and then half-clothe himself, and sneak in mortified helplessness underneath a weight of vein-compressing sheets and blankets and uncomfortable "comfortables," squeezing him out as if he had covered himself with the cellar door. He lies down in his complete warm suit, and throws over him some light affair of gossamer silk. It only needs the sudden cry of "fire" in the house to make us realize the preposterous condition we are every one of us in.

The time of going to bed ought, in some ways, to be made the pleasantest, and most decorous, and most dignified, even—if you like—the most picturesque and, certainly, the most comfortable hour of the whole twenty-four. Then it would need no polite euphemism of "retiring" to veil its horrors. Then the child would no longer hold back from it, as if he were being thrust into a hideous cave of darkness, to be seized by all the nightmares of Dreamdom.

And, then, best of all, we should be ready to rise at the whistle of the first chirping bird—perfectly rested, thoroughly refreshed, with the brain vocal only with light echoes of the whole-some day before, instead of still jangling with the cultured rumpus of a "social evening," or an "evening of amusement," or the uncanny fevered visions which are only such evenings gone to seed. We should see the heavens at their purest, on earth peace, the big, white stars at their best, unconfused by the haze of the smaller stars and the star-dust, and shining

alone in the faintly-illuminated sky. We should know how our earth and its robe of ambient air appear to other planets—a morning star to the morning stars. For the whole east, as it pales the planets in its growing light, is itself of pure and starry brightness. But if I am going to write of the dawn, I may as well do it in verse and have done with it:—

AT EARLY DAWN.

Walk who will at deep of noon,
Or stroll fantastic in the moon;
I would take the morning earth,
New as at creation's birth,
Air unbreathed, and grass untrod;
Where I cross the dawn-lit sod,

Making green paths in the gray
Of the dew that's brushed away.

Would some depth of holy night,
Sacred with its starry light,
Over all my breast might roll,
Bringing dawn unto my soul,
That its consecrated dew
Might refresh and make me new!
Then that thou and I might pace
Some far planet, poised in space,

Fresh as children innocent,
In each other's love content!
There our feet should recommence,
Lightened of experience,
Morning ways on dewy slope,
Winged with wonder and with hope;
All the things we've thought, or done,
Or felt before, forgot—save one!

A COMPANION OF THIEVES.*

I had no money at all; not a single, solitary shilling—my obliging friends, when they put their purse into my pocket as a proof of alleged robbery, abstracted my own—which, no doubt, the worthy Professor of Sacred Theology had in his pocket while he was explaining the nature of the attack to the Constable.

The turnkey, while he grumbled about waste of time—a prisoner ought to say at once if he had no money; officers of the Prison were not paid to tell stories to every ragged, filthy footpad; the common side was as good as any other on the way to Tyburn; what could a ragamuffin, covered with blood and filth, expect?—picked out a pair of irons; they were the rustiest and heaviest that he could find. As he hammered them on he said that for half a crown he would drive the rivet into

my heel, only that he would rob his friend, Jack Ketch, of the pleasure of turning off a poor, whining devil, who came into Newgate without a copper.

"Damme!" he cried, as he finished his work, "if I believe you ever tried to rob any one!"

"I did not," I replied. At which he laughed, recovering his good temper, and opening a door shoved me through and shut it behind me.

The common side of Newgate is a place which, though I was in it no more than two hours or so, remains fixed in my memory, and will stay there as long as life remains. The yard was filled to overflowing with a company of the vilest, the filthiest, and the most shameless that it is possible to imagine. They were pickpockets, footpads, shoplifters, robbers of every kind; they were in rags; they were unwashed and unshaven; some of them were drunk; some of them were emaciated by in-

* From *The Orange Girl*. By Sir Walter Besant. Copyright, 1890, Dodd, Mead & Co. Price, \$1.50

sufficient food—a penny loaf a day was doled out to those who had no money and no friends. That was, actually, all the poor wretches had to keep body and soul together; the place was crowded, not only with the prisoners, but with their friends and relations of both sexes; the noise, the cursings, the ribald laugh, the drunken song, the fighting and quarrelling can never be imagined. And in the narrow space of the yard, which is so like the bottom of a deep well, there is no air moving, so that the stench is enough, at first, to make a horse sick.

I can liken it to nothing but a sty too narrow for the swine that crowded it; so full of unclean beasts was it, so full of noise and pushing and quarrelling; so full of passions, jealousies and suspicious ungoverned, was it. Or I would liken it to a chamber in hell, where the sharp agony of physical suffering is, for a while, changed for the equal pains of such companionship and discourse as those of the common side. I stood near the door as the turnkey had pushed me in, staring stupidly about. Some sat on the stone bench with tobacco-pipes and pots of beer; some played cards on the bench; some walked about. There were women visitors, but not one whose face showed shame or sorrow. To such people as these Newgate is like an occasional attack of sickness; a whipping is but one symptom of the disease; hanging is only the natural, common and inevitable end when the disease is incurable, just as death in his bed happens to a man with a fever.

While I looked about me a man stepped out of the crowd.

"Garnish!" he cried, holding out his hand. Then they all crowded round, crying, "Garnish! garnish!"

I held up my hands; I assured them that I was penniless. The man who had first spoken waved back the others with his hand.

"Friend," said he, "if you have no money, off with your coat."

Then I know not what happened, because I think I must have fallen into a kind of fit. When I recovered I was lying along the stone bench. My coat was gone; my waistcoat was gone; my shirt was in rags, my shoes—on which were silver buckles—were gone; and my stockings, which were of black silk. My head was in a woman's lap.

"Well done," she said; "I thought you'd come round. 'Twas the touching of the wound on your head. Brutes and beasts you are, all of you! all of you! One comfort is, you'll all be hanged, and that very soon. It'll be a happy world without you."

"Come, Nan," one of the men said, "you know it's the rule. If a gentleman won't pay his garnish he must give up his coat."

"Give up his coat! You've stripped him to the skin. And him with an open wound in his head bleeding again like a pig."

The people melted away; they offered no further apology; but the coat and the rest of the things were not returned.

My good Samaritan, to judge by her dress and appearance, was one of the commonest of common women—the wife or the mistress of a gaol-bird, the companion of thieves, the accomplice of villains. Yet there was left in her still, whatever the habit of her life, this touch of human kindness that made her come to the assistance of a helpless stranger. No Christian could have done more. "Forasmuch," said Christ, "as you did it unto one of these you did it unto Me." When I read these words I think of this poor woman, and I pray for her.

"Lie still a minute," she said, "I will staunch the bleeding with a little gin;" she pulled out a flat bottle. "It is good gin. I will pour a little on the wound. That can't hurt—so." But it did hurt.

"Now, my pretty gentleman, for you are a gentleman, though maybe only a gentleman rider and woundily in want of a wash. Take a sip for yourself; don't be afraid. Take a long sip. I brought it here for my man, but he's dead. He died in the night, after a fight in the yard here. He got a knife between his ribs." She spoke of this occurrence as if such a conclusion to a fight was quite in the common way. "Look here, sir, you've no business in this place. Haven't you got any friends to pay for the Master's side? Now, you're easier; the bleeding has stopped. Can you stand, do you think?"

I made a shift to get to my feet, shivering in the cold damp of the November air. She had a bundle lying on the bench.

"'Tis my man's clothes," she said. "Take his coat and shoes. You must. Else with nothing but the boards to sleep upon you'll be starved to death. Now I must go and tell his friends that my man is dead. Well—he won't be hanged. I never did like to think that I should be the widow of a Tyburn bird."

She put on me the warm thick coat that had been her husband's; she put on his shoes. I was still stupid and dull of understanding. But I tried to thank her.

Some weeks afterwards, when I was at length released, I ventured back into the prison in hopes of finding the name and the residence of the woman—Samaritan, if ever there was one. The turnkeys could tell me nothing. The gaol was full of women, they said. My friend was named Nan. They were all Nans. She was the wife of a prisoner who died in the place. They were always dying on the common side. That was nothing. They all knew each other by name; but it was six weeks ago; prisoners change every day; they are brought in; they are sent out to be hanged, pilloried, whipped, or transported. In a word, they knew nothing, and would not take the time to inquire. What did it matter to these men, made callous by intimacy with suffering, that a woman of the lower kind had done a kind and charitable action? Nevertheless, we have Christ's own assurance—His words—His promise. The woman's action will be remembered on the day when her sins shall be passed before a merciful Judge. Her sins! Alas! she was what she was brought up to be; her sins lie upon the head of those who suffer her, and those like her, to grow up without religion, or virtue, or example, or admonition.

THE GRATITUDE OF BONAPARTE.*

The Consul was standing opposite the door in front of a great marble fireplace, in which a fire burned brightly. Letting his large, clear eyes rest on me for a moment with a piercing gaze, he asked, abruptly:

"*Eh bien*, what have you come about?"

I knew that the Consul was not inclined to be very polite to ladies who expressed themselves at any length, and had heard, besides, that he sometimes put the most grossly-impertinent questions, so that, despite the granting of their petition, they often left the Consul's room in high and justifiable

*From *The Memoirs of the Baroness Cecile de Courtois*. Compiled by Moritz von Kalsenberg. Translated from the German by Jessie Haynes. Henry Holt & Co.

dudgeon. Remembering Talleyrand's advice, I therefore gathered up all my courage and simply replied:

"The restitution of my family property."

The great man seemed decidedly taken aback by this laconic answer. He threw up his head with a quite peculiar movement, turning it a little aside, so that I saw his face almost in profile. He frowned and stuck out his underlip.

"Of a truth, madame, I cannot complain that you are too prolix—but," and he raised his voice to an angry pitch, "why are you staring at me so strangely? I would have you remember, madame, that I am the head of the State, and, as such, demand to be treated with proper respect."

But his tone of angry annoyance had no terrors for me now.

As he threw up his head and frowned and stuck out his underlip, the scales seemed to fall from my eyes, the veil woven by the busy years was rent asunder, and I suddenly *knew* where and when this man had played a part in my former life.

I came a little closer to the All-Powerful Consul, who was kicking his foot impatiently against the fender, awaiting some reply from me, and, touching his arm, I said, with a smile:

"Monsieur le Consul, will you permit me to tell you a little story?"

Oh, you should have seen his face, dearest! I am sure he must have thought I was quite mad for daring to lay my hand on his arm, and also because his harsh manner only called forth a smile from me.

"Out with it, then!" he thundered, stepping back from me, "but waste as few words as possible over it, if you please." And once more he fixed me with a searching look, obviously uncertain if I were in my right mind.

So I began in a low voice (I never told you this story, dearest Annalébe):

"It was on an evening in July, in the year 1783, and I was on a visit to Mademoiselle Laure Permon, the daughter of the Finance Minister Charles Permon and the Princess Comméene of Corsica, who had a beautiful villa near Brienne in the Champagne. I had wandered away by myself into the fields to pluck flowers and was so absorbed in my occupation that I never noticed a large herd of cattle grazing close by. I was nearly seventeen, but a severe illness in my childhood had left me small and weakly for my age—"

"If you intend giving me an account of your life's history, madame," the Consul broke in, roughly, "I may as well say at once that I have neither time nor inclination to listen to it."

"Pardon me, Monsieur le Consul," I returned, "I am coming now to the point of my story. I had gathered a large nosegay," I went on, "when I suddenly heard an infuriated bellow behind me, and, turning round, saw, to my horror, that an enormous black bull, irritated, perhaps, by my red parasol, was bearing down upon me with blazing eyes and lowered horns.

"I gave one piercing shriek of terror, dropped my flowers and fled, as fast as my feet would carry me, towards the high road. But the bull rushed after me; I could hear his snorting breath. 'Help! Help!' I screamed as loud as I was able. A voice answered, and the next moment a pale-faced boy, in the uniform of the Brienne cadets, came running towards me. He waved his sword and rushed at the bull from the side, trying to divert its attention to himself. But I entirely frustrated the boy's plan by flying to him for protection. He called out something to me, but I was too frightened to understand, and, in any case, it was too late now. The bull reached me, felled me to the ground, and I lost consciousness. When I opened my eyes my preserver was supporting me with

his arm, while with the other hand he wiped away the blood that was trickling from a wound in his cheek. But the bull was staggering blindly about the field, the courageous boy having managed, at the last moment, to pierce the brute's eye with his sword.

"I began to falter out some words of heartfelt thanks, and tried to seize my preserver's hand, but he checked me with an authoritative gesture, and said, sternly:

"It is extremely silly of girls to run about alone in fields where there are herds of cattle—remember that another time." He nodded curtly, and, without troubling himself further about me, ran off in the direction of the College.

"Maybe you knew that boy, Monsieur le Consul?" I asked, gently.

There was a curious light in his dark eyes as if he were gazing into his long-forgotten happy youth; but as he caught my expectant look fixed upon him, he frowned and answered, coldly:

"No, I cannot say I remember."

Will you believe me, Annallebe, that I had nothing in my heart but kindness for this man? He had saved my young life—himself hardly more than a child—at the risk of his own. I remembered no longer his fame, his exalted position; I only saw the little pale cadet who had rescued me from deadly peril. I was deeply moved, but, controlling my emotion as best I could, I murmured:

"Monsieur le Consul, may I venture on one more recollection of my youth?"

He said nothing, but nodded his head musingly.

"About a year after the incident I have just related," I resumed, "I was once more in the neighborhood of Brienne, at the country house of the Marquise de Montesson, a friend of my mother's.

"This lady proposed, one day, to take me to the Military College at Brienne,

having received tickets for the annual examination of the cadets. It was the custom from time immemorial that the scholars who gained prizes should be crowned by the ladies, to which end the guests—this time the Marquise among the number—always brought wreaths with them.

"I was looking forward eagerly to this ceremony, for I had never forgotten my youthful preserver, and hoped I might now see him again. I had never even told my parents of my narrow escape, but had raised an altar of gratitude in my heart to the boy—whose very name was unknown to me. What added zest to my anticipations was the thought that he would not be likely to recognize me, seeing that in this year I had grown out of the weakness of my childhood, and become tall and strong—a very different creature from the delicate little girl of the year before. So, with a beating heart, I took the wreath from the servant who was carrying it, and secretly hoped I might have the good fortune to be able to give it to my youthful hero. The wreath was a large and beautiful one, composed entirely of *laurel leaves*."

I had got so far in my story when I was suddenly interrupted by a strange sound—half sigh, half exclamation of joy—and the next moment the Consul had sprung forward and clasped both my hands in his. Overwhelming emotion shone in his dark eyes, and trembled in his voice when he spoke.

"So *you* were that sweet, kind girl, mademoiselle? Oh, ask what you will of me, I promise you beforehand to grant it—no matter what it is. Will you accept a pension—a post of any kind? You shall have your property back—I am more than overjoyed to have it in my power to serve you!"

You may imagine, my Annallebe, how startled and amazed I was at this sudden outburst, this rapture of kindness, from the man who, but a moment

before, had shown himself so stern and unapproachable! I had no answer ready. All I could do was to falter without reflection:

"Oh, *sire*, what have I done to deserve this gratitude?"

"What, this too!" broke in Bonaparte, in a tone of measureless excitement. "The royal title—for the first time—from your lips, my dear, infallible, little prophetess! And, once more, your words will come true," he continued, with the strange, far-away look of a seer. "Yes, I shall one day wear the crown and clasp the royal mantle round my shoulders—now I know it for certain. You set that laurel wreath on my young head in the far-off days at Brienne—the laurel crown that was to be followed by so many others. *You* whispered to me then 'May it bring you good luck!' and truly it did, as you very well know. I am a fatalist, *mademoiselle*, and since *you* have foretold it to me, I *feel* the Crown of France upon my brow, I *see* the Sceptre of the great Realm already in my hand! How can I ever thank you enough?"

"But first, the restitution of your property—" He seated himself at the

great writing table, wrote a few hurried lines, rang the bell, called to the Chamberlain, who entered at the summons—"Bourrienne."

I assure you, Annaliebe, I felt so dazed and bewildered by the rapid and extraordinary change in the Consul's manner, as well as by his evidences of amazing superstition, obviously uttered in entire good faith, that I sank into a chair, and, covering my eyes with my hand, endeavored to collect my scattered senses.

Very soon the door opened, and Bourrienne, the Consul's private secretary, entered.

"Take this paper to the Minister Regnier," said Bonaparte, "and tell him to arrange at once for the restitution of Mademoiselle de Courtot's property."

When the secretary had left the room, Bonaparte turned to me, and, holding out both his hands, with a beaming face, said:

"Now, was that right—will you consider this as the first fruits of my gratitude?"

I could only bow my head and stammer a few confused words of thanks.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Madame Sarah Grand's forthcoming novel, now nearly completed, is to be entitled "Babs the Impossible."

A memorial to John Ruskin is to be placed in Westminster Abbey, and the Dean has already selected a site for it.

Herbert S. Stone & Co., of Chicago, announce that they are about to bring out new editions of the earlier works of G. Bernard Shaw, which were not copyrighted in this country. The first

novel will be "Love Among the Artists," which is reputed to be one of Mr. Shaw's cleverest stories.

The Appletons have published a new edition of "Diana Tempest," by Mary Cholmondeley, author of "Red Potage."

Doubleday, Page & Co. have in press a volume called "A Country Without Strikes," in which Mr. Henry D. Lloyd gives an account of the workings of

the Compulsory Arbitration Law in New Zealand.

The Austrian novelist and poet, Dr. August Silberstein, died recently at Vienna, at the age of seventy-three.

Two hundred thousand copies of Miss Johnston's "To Have and To Hold" have already been sold and the book is still in most active demand, according to the reports of 33 out of 34 booksellers in various cities, in *The Bookman*.

Apprehensions are said to have been felt in England regarding Mr. Stevenson's grave, since it has been known that Samoa was to become German territory, but they are not shared by Mrs. Stevenson, who has made it clear that she will permit no disturbance of her husband's remains.

Up to the present time St. Petersburg has had no evening papers, but the interest taken in the war in South Africa has been so great as to induce the *Sswet*, a widely-read paper, to publish an evening supplement of a single page, containing the latest war news.

Among the spring announcements of Little, Brown & Co. are "The Colombian and Venezuelan Republics," by William L. Scruggs, late Minister of the United States to Colombia and Venezuela; "A Dream of a Throne: a story of a Mexican Revolt," by Charles F. Embree; and "Curita, Countess of Albornoz," a novel of Madrid society, translated from the Spanish of Luis Coloma.

A privately printed book, concerning the Athenæum Club at London, tells the story of the reconciliation between Thackeray and Dickens, which took place at the foot of the Athenæum's staircase. Dickens passed Thackeray

without speaking, but Thackeray followed him and insisted on shaking hands, saying that he could not bear that there should any longer be ill-feeling between them.

Messrs. L. C. Paige & Co. announce their purpose to publish at once in their "Court Memoir Series" twelve new volumes, thus completing the set of twenty volumes, of which eight were published last year. Of the new volumes, the "Memoirs of Empress Josephine" will fill three, those of Marie Antoinette, of the Court of St. Cloud, of the Courts of Sweden and Denmark, and of the Court of Berlin two each, and those of Catharine II of Russia one volume.

The editor of the *Literary Year Book* for 1900 asked a number of critics to select the book published last year which particularly appealed to them. Some of the selections were as follows:

Mr. Andrew Lang: "Some Experiences of an Irish R.M."

Mr. W. E. Henley: Bunyan's "Life and Death of Mr. Badman."

Mr. Quiller-Couch: Stevenson's "Letters."

Mr. George W. E. Russell: Sir Herbert Maxwell's "Life of Wellington."

Mr. Joseph Jacobs: Spencer and Gillen's "Native Tribes of Central Australia"; Prof. Ward's "Naturalism and Agnosticism."

Mr. Bernard Capes: "Autobiography of Mrs. Oliphant."

Canon Benham: Edward N. Westcott's "David Harum."

The heroine of Mrs. Jennette Lee's graphic story, "Kate Wetherill," which the Century Co. publishes, is a strong-willed woman who, for nineteen years, has lived a life of wretchedness with the husband whom her crude girlish fancy chose. Her own latent ambitions and cravings have developed, and Dave Wetherill is wholly unable to compre-

hend them. Her desperation, her struggle of conscience, her resolution to free at least her soul and maintain a peace of mind that shall make her home better, with the tragedy resulting from the coming into the household of a young, inexperienced, and easily-influenced girl, who is the village teacher—all this, even to the end, makes an appealing and, at times, an intensely stirring tale.

A little tale of the fairy-story order, embodying wise and helpful lessons for young readers, is Ruth Lewinsohn's "The Reward of Prince Cheerfulness," which William R. Jenkins publishes. A good king and queen, a lovely lost princess, a fearful Dragon Temper, and a cool-headed hero make it decidedly attractive to children.

A book of remarkable fascination is "The Prose of Edward Rowland Sill," which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish. It not only possesses those sympathetic, nature-loving qualities, so deeply felt in all Sill's verse, but looks out on life in a broad, sane, high-minded way, and has a clear, distinct point of view, a kindliness and charm that in itself is stimulating. The reader is inclined to appropriate one of the writer's own delicately-applied quotations, from the essay on "Principles of Criticism," and call this a book to make people "wiser, better and happier." Many of these sketches appeared originally in the Contributor's Club of the Atlantic Monthly.

A story of modern Italian life, "The Waters of Edera," by Ouida, deals convincingly with the question of government indifference to the rights of the poor. The plot hinges upon a plan to turn from its river-bed the water of the Edera, a scheme which would enrich a business company in league with politicians, but practically be the ruin

of the peasants who, for hundreds of years, had found their living along its banks. The resistance of a young peasant leader, Adone Alba, the part played by a priest of unusual talent, and the devotion and sacrifice of a little, half-wild girl, form a story which ought to accomplish some of the good its writer clearly means that it shall. R. F. Fenno & Co.

If, as the biographer of "Wahb" makes clear, men have given up the birthright of ears and eyes and nose "for the privilege of living in towns," they have, at least, kept much natural fellow-feeling for their wood-brothers. Not only the text, vigorous and touching as it is, but the very illustrations in Ernest Seton-Thompson's "The Biography of a Grizzly" so closely follow the life-record of the big eight-foot-tall old bear that he becomes almost human in his personality. He commands pity, esteem, admiration, and he points many an unconscious moral for mankind. The contrast between the manners of Wahb in the uncivilized woods and Wahb on company behavior at his regular summer outing in Yellowstone Park, is of particular interest. It is not too much to say that the pictures of Wahb, from babyhood to old age, have the portrait quality and give throughout a consistent idea of this one especial grizzly, and the thoughts within his perplexed bearish mind. The Century Co.

When a sea-captain who can both build his own boat and take it alone from one end of the world to the other has also the ability to write a breezy account of his adventures on the voyage, a good book naturally results. Captain Joshua Slocum's "Sailing Alone Around the World" is of this class. The skipper of the *Spray* saw Stevenson's island, saluted the Oregon on her famous trip, got impressions of St. Hele-

na, and had an interview with President Krüger, among a hundred other interesting experiences. A good-humored sense of the ridiculous adds much to the entertaining quality of the book, and the illustrations enable one to picture the sloop at many points of interest. (The Century Co.)

The different stages, swift or slow, in the development of an utterly unscrupulous temperament are strikingly worked out in Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's "Autobiography of a Quack," which the Century Co. publishes. Many readers of the Atlantic will remember this tale, the narrator of which is supposed to be a broken-down quack doctor, who writes the record for his own diversion as he lies ill in a hospital. As an *exposé* of a variety of impositions not uncommonly practised, the story may be useful as well as interesting. The volume also contains a shorter sketch, "The Case of George Dedlow," which might be called a study in amputation, or a study in psychology, according to the effect upon the reader. It is a ghastly tale, with a characteristic suspicion of humor at the conclusion.

That species of young clergyman—confident, correct and athletic—who enters town with a triumphal following of golf clubs and sole-leather trunks, has been admirably and not unkindly portrayed in his career by Bradley Gilman, in "The Parsonage Porch." His particular story, one of a group of seven, is searching as well as clever, and ought to edify a goodly number of aspiring young "organizers," as it certainly will the members of their parishes. Another of these sketches, touching and rare in its sympathetic insight, is "The Rival Undertakers," which has a mission to perform in behalf of an often misunderstood class of men. And the book is very far from gloomy. It has hopefulness and vigor,

and adds distinctly to belief in human-kind. Little, Brown & Co.

An intensely fascinating book, varying in its moods from the deeply tragic or pitiful to the charming or light-hearted, is the notable collection of letters and diary extracts called "The Memoirs of the Baroness Cecile de Courtet," who is said to have been lady-in-waiting to the unfortunate Princess de Lamballe. The book is edited by the great-grandson of the German lady in whose home the young Frenchwoman, after a narrow escape from the guillotine, and the loss of her lover, found care and shelter. The principal letters are those sent back to this home upon her return to France to beg from the First Consul a restoration of her property. Marie-Antoinette, Bonaparte, Talleyrand and Josephine are conspicuous figures in a record that has all the sustained excitement of a romance; and the narrative dealing with Napoleon himself is always striking and entertaining. Henry Holt & Co.

Any woman about to visit Paris for the first time—and every woman who has aspirations in that direction—will take delight as well as satisfaction in an attractive little handbook which Small, Maynard & Co. publish, called "A Woman's Paris." It tells exactly such things as an old resident, not forgetful of American customs and American principles, would impart to one ignorant of Paris and apt to make mistakes, not only as to hotels, shops and art galleries, but in connection with theatres, restaurants, and even walks. It will prove a useful friend to a multitude of travellers this summer, especially as a chapter on the Exposition gives particular information designed to fit a peculiar readjustment of prices now going on among expectant Parisian shopkeepers and landlords.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

- About My Father's Business. By Austin Miles. The Mershon Co. Price, \$1.50.
- Anglo-French Reminiscences. By M. Betham-Edwards. Chapman & Hall.
- Autobiography of a Quack, The. By S. Weir Mitchell. The Century Co. Price, \$1.25.
- Biography of a Grizzly, The. By Ernest Seton-Thompson. The Century Co. Price, \$1.50.
- Christianity and Paganism. By Ernest N. Bennett. Rivingtons.
- Deacon Bradbury. By Edwin Asa Dix. The Century Co. Price, \$1.50.
- Divine Adventure, The. By Flona Macleod. Chapman & Hall.
- Genesis of Worlds. By J. H. Hobart Bennett. H. W. Rokker. Price, \$1.65.
- Green Flag, The. By A. Conan Doyle. Smith, Elder & Co.
- Innermost Asia. By R. P. Cobbold. Wm. Heinemann.
- Justice to the Jew. By Madison C. Peters. Hutchinson & Co.
- Kate Wetherill: An Earth Comedy. By Jennette Lee. The Century Co. Price, \$1.25.
- Kent Squire, A. By F. W. Hayes. Hutchinson & Co.
- Kings of the East, The. By Sydney C. Grier. Blackwood & Sons.
- Memories and Impressions. By the Hon. G. C. Broderick. J. Nisbet & Co.
- Memoirs of the Baroness Cecile de Courtot, The. Compiled by Moritz von Kaisenberg. Translated from the German by Jessie Haynes. Henry Holt & Co.
- Pretoria, Towards. By Julian Ralph. C. A. Pearson.
- Rebel, The. By H. B. Marriott Watson. Wm. Heinemann.
- Reward of Prince Cheerfulness, The. By Ruth Lewinson. William R. Jenkins. Price, \$0.75.
- Sailing Alone Around the World. By Captain Joshua Perry Slocum. The Century Co. Price, \$2.00.
- Scotland, History of, from the Roman Occupation. By Andrew Lang. Blackwood & Sons.
- Sill, Edward Rowland, The Prose of. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.25.
- Son of the House, The. By Bertha Thomas. Chatto & Windus.
- South Africa, Among Horses in. By Captain W. H. Hayes. R. A. Everett.
- Storyology: Essays in Folk-Lore, Sea-Lore and Plant-Lore. By Benjamin Taylor. Elliot Stock.
- Twentieth Century Knighthood. By Louis Albert Banks. Funk & Wagnalls Co. Price, \$0.75.
- Unchanging East, The. By Robert Barr. Chatto & Windus.
- Valley of the Great Shadow, The. A. E. Holdsworth. Wm. Heinemann.
- When We Dead Awaken. By Henrik Ibsen. Wm. Heinemann.